The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A JUNE LESSON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Down-dropping from a maple tree,
I watched a worm two weeks ago,
Suspended by a silv'ry thread,
Swing lightly to and fro;
The sunshine was so golden red,
The leaves so fresh, the grass so green,
The ugly creature seemed a blot
Upon the charming scene;
And to myself, I softly said:
"It would be well if thou wert dead."

This morning, near the sunny porch,
I found a miller on the grass,
A mimic dove with outstretched wings,
And eyes like frosted glass;
But by the little pinkish head,
And by the small tenacious feet,
I knew my old friend of the thread,
Transfigured fair and sweet;
The worm its dark cocoon had burst,
Its snowy wings in light immersed!

Then to myself, I spoke once more,
And said: "Oh, soul! behold thy type!
From out this body of decay,
(When God's designs are ripe)—
So mayst thou flutter like the worm
From out its dusky, dull cocoon,
To taste the summer of the skies,
The bright, eternal noon!
So may the white wings of the Blest,
Support thee safely to thy rest!"

THE PLANTER PIRATE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

"NAT BRADLEY STEPPED FORWARD TO THE PORCH."

CHAPTER XVII.

WAITING FOR A BOAT.

Visit unexpected and ill-timed—what could be its object?

This was the thought of all three.

I, for one, must not be seen by him. The sight of me would frustrate all our plans, even the knowledge that I still lived.

Neither should the Tennesseean. His presence would require explanation, and, perhaps, cause a change of the programme we had sketched out for the pirate.

Our host alone must receive him.

There was just time for Henry to get out of the drawing-room, and close the door after him, when Mr. Bradley stepped into the porch.

Uninvited, he could not gracefully go further.

Walter and I, silent inside, could hear every word that was said.

Bradley spoke first.

"Well, then," he said, after the usual exchange of salutations, "reckon I've got here too late?"

"For what?" was the natural inquiry.

"Boat. I want to go down to Orleans. The 'Yazoo City' was to have left Vicksburg yesterday evening, and I thought I might catch her at your landing. I suppose I'm too late, as I heard a boat pass while I was coming through the woods. She was going down, and I reckon it must have been the 'City.'"

Here was an interval of silence, during which we awaited Henry's rejoinder. He made none.

The presence of such a guest, under such circumstances, had taken him by surprise, and he was, no doubt, hesitating as to what he should say.

As Bradley had put no interrogatory, he did not stay for an answer, but continued—

"She must have passed here very early, before you were out of your beds. Do you think any of your niggers saw her? They would know if it was the 'City.' They could read the name, I reckon?"

"Yes," replied Henry, at length, speaking with evasion; "some of them did see a boat pass down. It wasn't the 'Yazoo City,' but an up-river boat, from the Ohio, I believe."

"Oh! in that case the 'City' will be along yet. She ought to be near now. I'll go down to the landing to look out for her. You don't mind lending me one of your niggers to fetch my horse back to the house here? There's one of mine coming after to take her home."

"Certainly not," said Henry, evidently pleased at the prospect of his visitor making such a short stay, "one of them shall go down with you at once."

"And look ye, Henry Woodley," continued Bradley, with a change of tone, "now that I'm here, I may as well tell you what I intend doing. I want that 2,000 dollars—I want it bad, and I mean to have it. I've asked you for it half-a-score of times, till I'm sick of asking. And now I'll give you till I come back from Orleans, which will be in about a fortnight. If you can't pay then, why I must get judgment on the bill, and take some of your niggers. I'm sorry to be sharp with you, but I must have the money."

"When you come back—a fortnight you say—perhaps I may have—"

The debtor was thinking that before a fortnight's time he might be relieved of his liability in a way his creditor little expected.

"Oh! never mind your *perhaps!*" rudely interrupted the latter. "If you don't have it— Hillos! what's that?"

As he uttered this exclamation we could hear Bradley rushing further out upon the porch, as if to inform himself of something that was passing outside.

There was an interval of profound stillness, and through a side window in the drawing-room, in which the casement stood open, we could distinguish, faint and far off, the hollow sound of the "'scape pipe."

"By Heaven, it's the boat! Ten chances to one if I'll be in time to catch her. Send after me for the horse!"

As he issued this impudent command, the unwelcome visitor hurried on through the gate, leaped into the saddle, and went off at a gallop along the road towards the landing.

As promised, a negro was dispatched after him to take charge of his horse; and for some time we all listened in great anxiety.

If Bradley should miss the boat, he would be sure to come back to the house, and perhaps remain there waiting for another.

This would be a serious interference with our plans, and might end in altogether defeating them, by his discovering our presence upon the plantation.

It was a pleasant sound, that continued hissing of steam, that came, borne upon the breeze, from the direction of the river.

It told us that the boat was laying to, to take on a passenger, who could be no other than Nat Bradley.

This was soon after confirmed by the return of his horse, ridden by the darkey, with the saddle stripped of its bags.

The Planter Pirate had started for New Orleans, to dispose of his late capture, perfectly unsuspicious that the owner was so near, and at the same time taking measures for the recovery of the spoil.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WHITE KERCHIEF.

While thanking the "Yazoo City" for having so opportunely disembarrassed us of the presence of Nat Bradley, we felt that he must be followed as speedily as possible.

If the flat had been taken direct after leaving Devil's Island—and in all likelihood it had—it should reach New Orleans in four days at the farthest.

Its crew would carry it as fast as possible, knowing the danger of delay.

They could assist the current with a pair of sweeps, with which the craft was provided.

The "Yazoo City" would be there before them; but how about the boat by which we ourselves should have to make the journey?

There was no certainty when another steamboat might come along. It might be in an hour, but it might also be two or three days.

A delay of the latter kind would be fatal to our scheme.

Once alongside the flat-boat wharf on the New Orleans levee, it would not take much time to discharge the cargo and remove it to some safe place of storage; and as for the flat itself, it could be disposed of in a single night.

We might reach New Orleans to find no trace either of boat or cotton; and as for the worthies composing the crew, it would be ten chances to one of our ever setting eyes on any one of them again.

The cotton itself might be discovered, that was probable enough. It would not go aboard ship till after undergoing the process of the cotton press. This would cause delay, and it could be found either in the shed attached to one of the great presses or in the strong-house of a broker.

But when found—what then?

It bore Bradley's plantation mark, along with his name.

He would be upon the spot himself ready to swear to it; and Walter Woodley could not do the same.

Indeed the young Tennesseean was not so sure of being able to identify the flat; he had taken but little notice of it when being built and laden—leaving all that to Black and his assistant Stinger.

Among boats of this kind there is as much similarity as between the bales of cotton.

My identification of either craft or cargo would be still more doubtful. I could only make it good by finding the crew aboard of it, to all three of whom I could swear distinctly.

But to bring Bradley within the power of the law, something more would be required than the testimony I was yet able to give. It would be necessary to connect him with the other three, either as their confederate or chief.

This could be done by leaving him to deal with the cotton on its arrival in New Orleans, taking care to secure the others before they had parted from the flat.

To do this, we must reach New Orleans as soon as they, or not many hours after.

A single day behind that of their arrival, and we might be too late.

Walter was surprised to find that his brother owed Nat Bradley two thousand dollars.

I could see, however, that he scarce regretted it; it explained that sinister attachment which existed between the two, and which it had grieved him to think was a friendship.

Now he knew it to be of a different nature, and preferred the knowledge.

"Never mind about the debt, Walter," said Henry, in answer to the inquiry as to how it had been contracted. "It is not *honestly due*, and if we succeed in bringing the scoundrel to justice, I suppose I shall be released from the liability."

"Ah! and if our suspicions prove true, I shall lose twice the amount, even if I recover my cotton."

"How?"

"Why, my negroes—four of the best hands we had. Poor fellows! I care not so much for the money; but to think that they have been made away with—murdered! It is fearful!"

"It is indeed," said the elder and less sentimental brother. "But in any case you will not lose by that—I mean in money. There are plenty of likely hands on Nat Bradley's plantation, though I've never known much of either it or them. Of course you can recover the full value of what you have lost; and if it all prove true, you will have to proceed against Mr. Bradley's heirs instead of himself. But come, there's not a moment to be lost. In my opinion, the best way would be for you, brother, to ride down to Natchez as fast as a horse can carry you, and see if you can get a boat there. There might be one of the Natchez and Orleans packets starting at once; besides, you have still the chance of the up-river boats. If you get one before to-morrow night you will be in good time. Once in New Orleans, go direct to our old friend Charley Sawyer, who is practising law among the Creoles. He's sharp enough for what we want. You'll find his office in St. Charles street, near the hotel. I can stay and watch our own landing, and follow by the first boat. Our friend here, I hope, will have no objection to go down along with me. Without him we should be helpless; you would lose your cotton, and I should have to pay a debt contracted with a swindler, which, but for foul play, I should never have been owing."

Henry Woodley seemed all at once to have changed his character, displaying an energy for which I had not given him credit.

Perhaps it might be accounted for by his hope of getting rid of an incubus hitherto harrassing him.

"Now, Walt!" he continued, "get ready to ride, at top speed, for Natchez. I'll order you the best horse in my stable. You, Dick!" he cried, stepping out into the porch, and hailing one of the negroes, seen outside the enclosure, "put the saddle on the sorrel mare, and bring her round to the gate. Be quick about it!"

In a few minutes, the sorrel stood by the gate, Miss Woodley wondering at the preparations.

"Never mind, Corneel," said her brother, in answer to her request for an explanation. "Walter is called to New Orleans, on pressing business, and is going to take boat from Natchez. I shall have to go down myself, by the next shorter that comes along; and as our young friend here promises to accompany me, we can't leave you alone, so you must make the trip too. On the way down, I may let you into our secret. Now, will that content you?"

Miss Woodley made no reply. She smiled, and seemed satisfied.

The bantering tone in which her brother spoke, told her there could not be much amiss.

I, too, felt content, at the prospect of having her for a fellow passenger, on board a Mississippi steamboat.

I could not help remembering that it was in a similar situation I had first surrendered to her charms.

* * * * * *

And, after all, Walter went with us. There was no need for going that long gallop to Natchez.

Just as he was setting foot in the stirrup, the well-known "booming" of a steamboat was heard awaking the echoes of the woods.

It came from the up-river direction.

"Quick, Walt!" cried his brother, "ride down to the landing, and stop her by a signal. A white handkerchief will do it. Have you got one?"

"Here," said the fair Corneel, gliding like a sylph towards the gate, and handing him her bit of embroidered cambric, "I suppose this will do?"

"Ah!" thought I, giving way to a romantic fancy, "for the possession of such a trophy, the Spanish Armada might have come to an anchor."

Walter posted like a thunderbolt, while his brother and sister commenced packing their portmanteaus.

I had none to pack, and remained standing in the porch, listening for the stopping of the approaching steamer.

I could soon tell that the signal had been successful.

The "bark" of the boat, heard at short intervals, became changed to a hiss, a sure sign that the play of the engine was suspended.

Shortly after, the booming re-commenced, but the frequent ringing of the pilot's bell, told that the boat was being brought into the landing.

There were few captains on the river that would not have lain to for a Woodley; and fewer still, could they have told that the white signal was the 'kerchief of the fair Cornelia.

On our arrival at the landing, we found the boat, with staging plank, out and ready.

It was no humble "stern-wheel" that had thus condescended, but the noble "Sultana," in whose luxriant saloons we steamed on towards the "Crescent City."

Before arriving at our destination, we had the satisfaction to know that the Planter Pirate did not precede us.

On passing Point Coupee, we also passed a little steamboat, and left her puffing asthmatically behind us, upon whose paddle boxes we could read the lettering "Yazoo City."

Still, more to the purpose, we saw, standing upon her hurricane deck the man who was causing us to make the improvised voyage—the Planter Pirate.

We saw him through the green jalousies of a "state-room," taking care he should not see us. Even then, the sight of any of our party, or his suspicion of our being aboard the "Sultana," might have defeated our plans.

We gave him no chance for either one or the other.

He was standing alone, abaft the pilot-house, apparently rapt in contemplation.

He may have been thinking of the future—of the disposal of his plunder. Or was his mind dwelling upon the past—upon the dark deeds which he had no doubt committed?

It might be that his thoughts were still more bitterly occupied with that fair being who stood by my side, and who now regarded him only with disgust.

I cared not to speculate on the past. I felt confident that between Nat Bradley and Cornelia Woodley there had been no compromise.

Whatever there had been, it was enough to know that it was now over.

The big boat passed on, leaving the "Yazoo City" dancing like a waif in her wake.

Behind the glass shed that sheltered her pilot, Nat Bradley disappeared from my sight.

* * * *

In less than twenty hours after, we were passing Lafayette, and the grand dome of the St. Charles Hotel came under our eyes, rising high above the roofs of the Crescent City.

"We must not go there," suggested Henry Woodley, pointing to the conspicuous object.

"And why?" asked Walter. "It is the best hotel in New Orleans—is it not?"

"True," answered the elder brother. "But just for that reason must we shun it. We should not be twenty-four hours under its roof before finding for a fellow-guest the man we have no wish to encounter."

"Ah! I understand you," answered the Tennessecan. "You think that he will go there."

"Sure of it. I know the St. Charles to be his regular stopping-place. I've seen him there in its grand drinking saloon swaggering, among the loudest of its bullies."

"In that case, we had better go elsewhere."

"We must do so. We can stop somewhere in the French quarter, at the St. Louis, or even some more humble hostelry. It will never do for him to know that we are in New Orleans; and as for our young friend, here, he must keep entirely out of sight, until the time when his testimony be required to seal the fate of these scoundrels, whose exposure will perhaps explain why so many flats have gone to the bottom of the Mississippi."

By this time the "Sultana" had commenced sounding her pilot-bells, those mysterious signals by which the steersman communicates his wishes to the Vulcan-like individual who stands by the engines below.

The effect was soon apparent, by the boat rounding to in the stream and bringing up alongside the levee.

With our light luggage, we were soon inside a two-horse coach, and trotting over the oyster shells towards the St. Louis Hotel.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOUISIANA LAWYER.

Once installed in our hotel, we proceeded upon the business that brought us to New Orleans.

The lawyer was looked up, and the circumstances laid before him.

Charley Sawyer appeared far less surprised by the story than might have been expected.

Though still but a young man, he had been long enough in the Crescent City to have become acquainted with the inner secrets of its social life; engaged in the practice at its Criminal Court, he had met with those strange types of crime for which New Orleans has been historically distinguished.

As to our plan of proceeding, his advice corresponded with that we had already conceived.

"Although everything seems straight for bringing these scoundrels to justice," said he, "we must proceed with caution. The law here is rather a rough institution as yet; and where men's liberty is concerned—to say nothing of their lives—the testimony must be clear and positive. If they have actually killed the poor negroes, there must be no loophole left them to escape—not one of them, and, least of all, their chief. Bradley must be permitted to *sell the cotton*, that will be needed to connect him with the theft, robbery, or whatever we may have to call it."

"But suppose he has no opportunity," suggested Walter Woodley. "There may not be any one to purchase all at once."

"No fear of that. I shall myself find him a purchaser. By good luck, I chance to be

acquainted with a cotton broker, who can be trusted in such a delicate negotiation. He can offer such a price as will secure a trade; and before the money be paid over, we can get a warrant by deposition, and lodge Messrs. Bradley, Black & Co., in the calaboose. After that, the thing should be easy enough.

"And now," continued the lawyer, "we must act, and the first thing is to find out whether the flat has got in. Would any of you know the boat? You, Mr. Walter Woodley, ought to be able to tell your own property."

"I really don't think I can," replied the young planter; "but I should know Black and Stinger. I could see them aboard."

"True; but they would also see you, if you went near enough to distinguish them. That would never do."

"I fancy I can manage that part of it," I suggested. "Black can be but slightly acquainted with my face, though I shall never forget his. By sacrificing my moustache, and borrowing a pair of whiskers from one of these creole *costumiers*—that and a change of dress would do, would it not?"

"The very thing," said the astute lawyer. "You can put on a light scarlet cloak—they are worn here. It will conceal the mark Mr. Black has, for the time, put upon you. That, with a broad-brimmed palmetto hat, and a pair of *cottonade* trowsers, will turn you into a creole complete. As for you, Henry Woodley, and your brother, your best plan will be for both of you to back to the hotel, stay within doors, and wait till I communicate with you. It will not do for either to be seen in the streets, at least, till we get these birds safe inside the cage."

In obedience to the lawyer's instructions, the two brothers returned to the hotel, while I remained in his office to make the transformation required.

In order to avoid suspicion, a razor was obtained, and I did the shaving myself.

It was not altogether pleasant to part with my pet moustaches, but I consoled myself with two thoughts—one, that they would grow again; and the other, that before they did, I should see the man who had twice attempted to assassinate me stand in the felon's dock.

The garments necessary for my disguise were readily got at one of the Levee "clothing stores," and the whiskers from a costume shop, with which New Orleans, noted for its masked balls, is abundantly provided.

In less than an hour I was ready to play the part of a detective.

With Mr. Sawyer acting as guide, we sallied forth, and took our way towards the flat-boat wharf.

Those not acquainted with the New Orleans "Levee," must be told that it is a landing full four miles in length; that only a portion of it is provided with wharfs, strong wooden platforms, supported by piles, and driven deep into the river bank.

Between, are spaces where the natural slope of the Levee is left unfurnished with such structures, and where boats, both flats and steamers, at low water, can project their staging planks into the mud.

But by certain "municipality" laws, the Levee is apportioned, so that each kind of craft, ships, steamboats, flats, and *rafts*, have a stretch of shore appropriated to itself.

There are the shipping wharves—two sets of them—the steamboats, and last of all, that portion of the Levee set apart for the odd-looking embarcations, known as "keels" and flat-boats.

Of these, there is usually a large "fleet" lying along shore, especially at that time of the year when the up-colony produce is floated down from a hundred head waters to the great depot and entrepot of the Mississippi valley.

It was just then the season; and on reaching the flat-boat wharf, we found some hundreds of these antideluvian-like structures lying against the wharf and so closely packed together, that a man might have stepped from the roof of one to the other, throughout the whole conglomeration.

Sauntering along, without appearing to be particularly interested in any of them, Mr. Sawyer and I proceeded to make our reconnoissance.

Most of them had their stagings out, and were delivering their cargoes on shore—hogsheads of sugar and tobacco, barrels of pork, and bags of Indian corn.

Some appeared to have been already emptied, and to be waiting for a purchaser, who would break them up for firewood.

There were a few lying a little way off from the Levee, as if crowded out of place, and waiting for a chance to come in.

One of these particularly drew my attention. I fancied I had seen it before.

It was only a vague conjecture; but I could not help thinking that it was the same craft on board of which I had spent some very unpleasant hours, and from which I had been so unceremoniously ejected.

No one appeared above decks, else I might have more easily identified it.

For some time my companion and I sauntered backwards and forwards, along the Levee, keeping our eyes on this particular flat.

I had already communicated to him my suspicions that it was the one we were in search of. We watched the hatch door of the caboose, but though standing open no one came out or went in, and no face could be seen.

It at length occurred to me, that if we could get aboard, I might find a trace to satisfy me.

There was no plank communicating with the shore; but there was one to the adjacent boat, which was engaged in getting out its cargo, and by using this, we could step to the roof of the craft unsuspected.

Sawyer led the way. A slight apology to the owner of the discharged flat was sufficient to frank us, and we passed on over its roof, and stepped across the chasm dividing the two.

I had just time to see that Stinger, with his scrubbing brush, had not altogether effaced that hideous stain, when a head popped up through the hatch, and a rough voice demanded, "what we were doing there?"

The demand was prefaced by an oath.

I had seen enough to satisfy me, before perceiving that the speaker was Mr. Black; and without staying to hear the reply, which I left the lawyer to make, I averted my face, and returned, apparently unconcerned, to the shore.

I could hear Mr. Sawyer making some excuse; that we were only exploring, out of idle curiosity; and then, overtaking me, we sauntered away from the spot.

"From your behavior," said he, as soon as we had got to a safe distance, "I take it, that our polite friend is one of the pirates. Is it so?"

"The man who gave me this," I replied, flirting up the corner of the scarlet cloak, and showing my slung limb.

"So far good! We've traced the jackals; now for the lion himself. But first, let us make sure about the birds on land, before going after that in the boat. You stay here till I return to you."

And without further speech, the lawyer walked hurriedly away, in the direction of the houses.

I did not quite comprehend the meaning of his figurative language.

It was soon made clear, on his returning to me, accompanied by a man of that peliar cast of countenance not easily mistaken.

In his keen, inquiring eye, I could recognize the detective.

"You see that flat?" said Sawyer, addressing him, at the same time casting his eyes in a different direction, across the river to "Algiers." "I mean the one next to that unloading the Cincinnati pork barrels?"

"Aye, aye!" responded the detective, just glancing at the object spoken of, and then also appearing interested in something, supposed to be on the opposite shore.

"Very well," muttered the lawyer, "you will keep it under your eye. Take note of who comes ashore, or goes on board; and don't lose sight of it, either by day or night, till it begins to get out its cargo, which is cotton. As soon as you see the first bale rolled upon the bank, you come to my office as quick as your legs can carry you."

"All right," signified the man rather by a nod of the head than any expressed speech; while Sawyer, by a sign, summoned me to follow him.

"Now," said he, as we walked off together, "the first chapter is complete, and we must proceed to the second. We've done, for the time, with the flat. Let us go in for higher game, to be found upon a steamboat."

Saying this, Mr. Sawyer directed his steps towards the steamboat wharves.

I made no inquiry as to his purpose.

It was plain to me, and I accompanied him without making a remark.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SPY GLASS.

Ten minutes' brisk walking brought us alongside that portion of the Levee set apart for steamboats—those huge embarcations of the Mississippi, many of which are not inappropriately styled "floating palaces."

At least two score of them lay opposite the landing; some coming in, others going out; some taking cargo on board, and others discharging it on the wharf.

It was a crowded and busy scene, but unlike, as among the flats, we anticipated no difficulty in identifying the particular boat with which we had business.

We were in search of the "Yazoo City." A single stroll along the line, and we saw she was not there.

Scarce expecting her, we were pleased to discover she had not yet come in. It was just what we wanted.

"And now," said Mr. Sawyer, "we must stay till she does come in, and follow up the track of the expected passenger. When was it you passed her?"

"Near Point Coupee."

"Let me see," said the lawyer, taking out his watch, and calculating the time that had transpired since the arrival of the "Sultana."

"The Yazoo boat should have been in; she cannot be long now, unless, indeed, she has stopped somewhere along the coast to take in cargo. In that case we may have a protracted vigil of it. It's not very pleasant standing in this hot sun; besides it looks rather queer your carrying your cloak about your shoulders. Unfortunately we can't do this business by deputy, as it wants some one who knows our man by sight. For myself, I never saw Mr. Nat Bradley, though I've heard some strange stories about him, almost as strange as that you've told me. Confound that cloak! Those fellows appear to take notice of it. Stay, I have it. I I think I see a better place from which to make observation. This way."

"You see that restaurant?" he added, pointing to a large establishment of the kind, towards which we were tending.

I answered in the affirmative.

"There is a saloon on the second floor, with open windows. Go up there, and call for a couple of sherry cobblers. I will be with you by the time they are mixed. This villain and assassin will not long now escape punishment. From yonder window we can watch the steamboat; and the Planter Pirate will soon be our prisoner."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ Mr. Charles Voysey, a learned Englishman, in a recent theological work, says "if the bodies of all men were to be raised like Christ's, and restored as they were before corruption, there would not only be no more standing room on the earth for them, but they would form a closely packed mass thousands of times larger than the earth itself."

☞ A new sect has sprung up in France, composed of people who have solemnly bound themselves not only to abstain from going to church themselves, and from permitting any religious observance in their households, but not to let any priest officiate at their marriages, or at the naming, marrying, or burying of their children, or to enter their households or hold communication with the members of their families on any pretext. In Paris they have taken as their motto, "*Act as you Think.*"

☞ Two sick nurses were talking of their profession over their tea. "You understand," said one to the other, "the doctor said it was brain fever, consequently he ought to have been out of his senses. Well, not a bit of it! He watched everything I did, as well as a man could have done. And at last it worried me so that I went off, saying to him, "Sir, I am an honest woman, above all suspicion, and I won't stay with sick people who keep from being delirious in order to watch me."

☞ Boggs likes a warm bed. One morning an agent for a patent fire-extinguisher tried to sell him a recipe. "Look here," said Boggs, "if you've got anything that'll save me from getting out of bed in the cold every morning, to build a fire for my wife to get breakfast by, I'll buy it; but don't come round here trying to sell stuff to put 'em out, it's too much trouble to start them."

☞ Scribblerus was endeavoring to console a friend who had been severely handled by the reviewers. "'Tis useless," said Scribblerus, "to inveigh against the critic, who can but write according to his lights." "But in this instance," replied his friend; "to judge from his bilious snarling he has only been writing according to his liver!"

☞ The latest novelty is a fan that can be used as a parasol, a veil or a bonnet.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

A NEW NOVELET.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

We began June 13th a new novelet by Capt. Mayne Reid, called "THE PLANTER PIRATE." It will be accompanied with engravings.

Will our friends and patrons through the country please call the attention of their acquaintances to this story? We will send THE POST *on trial* for six months for one dollar.

THE HEATED TERM.

The Heated Term seems, as we write this in "a melting mood," to have fairly commenced.

We are glad we are not a political editor, in such times as these—and have no occasion "to pitch into" anybody.

Good reports come to us from the farmers all around. The crops promise well. The hay harvest in Eastern Pennsylvania is an unusually fine one. A week or so now of good weather, and the main harvest will be secured.

EVE AND THE DEAD ABEL.

We print in advance the following notice of Mr. Jackson's beautiful piece of statuary, (now on exhibition in Chestnut above Tenth.) It has been written by the editor of the Lady's Friend, for the next number of that periodical:—

MR. JACKSON'S MARBLE GROUP, EVE AND ABEL.

This is a work of true genius, such as no lover of art should miss an opportunity of seeing. It is Eve—not the Eve of Paradise, but the ripened woman, magnificently moulded, and instinct with the grand rich beauty of maternity—the ideal mother of mankind, and across her lap lies Abel, dead. Dead! every line of the beautiful body tells that. In the drooping head, the still face, its brows contracted with the pain of the fatal blow, the arm falling limp and nerveless, in every rounded perfect limb we see that the soul has flown. Wonderful power of the sculptor that makes inanimate marble express, the one figure Life, the other Death!

The first bereaved mother does not clasp and kiss her son—her best-beloved, Abel. She holds him in her arms and gazes questioningly, not so much at the forsaken clay as at the mystery; inscrutable and terrible then—after ages of familiarity inscrutable and terrible still,—Death is in the world! Amazement and woe unutterable seize upon her. "The serpent's fangs are in her soul." She is thinking

> "Of that first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of the forbidden tree whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world."

This questioning, amazed look strikes the beholder at once, as the strong point that individualizes the group as a work of art. Mr. Jackson's Eve is a genuine creation, in the conception and execution of which he has taken counsel of his own soul apart, and proved his right divine among the brotherhood of artists.

VEGETARIAN THEORIES.—Vegetarian theories of long life are not supported by the official returns of Mr. Hewlett, Officer of Health for Bombay, who states that while the general mortality in the 816,562 inhabitants of Bombay amounts to 1.69 per cent., among the 61,994 non-flesh-eating castes belonging to the higher grades of society the mortality amounts to 2.05 per cent. The fact that abstinence from flesh should increase the death rate by about one-sixth per cent. presents as curious a problem as the additional fact, that the Burmese, whose religion makes them reverence all life, are remarkable for the number of murders they commit.

☞ RIGHT AND WRONG.—An ill-natured cynic said, that the charity of a beneficent neighbor was induced by a wish to be extolled. "Ay, sir," replied the object of the charity, "if we see the hand of a clock go right, we are sure that the mechanism inside cannot be going very wrong."

☞ "I'm not myself at all to-day," said a bore to the artist Inman. "No matter for that," was the reply; "whoever else you may be, you are a gainer by the change."

Newport and Mackinaw.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The June number of a New York magazine (Putnam's) has a comparison, of rather a singular character, between Newport, the now famous resort, and an island lying between lakes Huron and Michigan, now known as Mackinaw, though called by the redmen Michilimacinac. It says there are many points of resemblance between Mackinaw, and "that other island of beauty, which lies in Narraganset Bay—*Aquidneck* of the Indians, the Island of Rhodes of the Pilgrims, or Newport Island of to-day. Both were important commercial centres a hundred years ago, before the modern upstarts New York and Chicago were famous. Newport had a great trade with the West Indies * * * and Mackinaw supplied all the frontier posts with Indian goods. * * * Both islands are historical, and were the scenes of solemn treaties and bloody battles, and after all their former glories they are supported by summer visitors and the fisheries. Both islands are beautiful in land and water views, in climate and atmosphere—the eastern island excelling in water prospect." Without following the magazine article in its seven pages, I will add a few incidents of my own, because I love to dwell upon the recollections of my days of youth which were passed among the varied interests which crowd around and upon the ever delightful "Isle of Rhodes."

Two of the Philadelphia weeklies have just awakened pleasant reminiscences of Newport, which I notice in passing, and the first is the setting forth in your own columns the peculiar attractions of the *Aquidneck House*, where Mr. Wm. Hodges offers to visitors the comforts of a well-ordered home; the other is a notice in the Friends' Weekly of the Friends' Yearly Meeting now being held in Newport. This is the oldest yearly meeting on the American continent; and the notice of its return recalls the memories of other days, when this annual gathering was participated in by loved ones who now lie at rest beneath the green turf of that meeting house yard. Near by was the Seventh-Day Baptist Church, and still nearer lies the body of John Clarke, who after twelve years perseverance in London, succeeded in obtaining from Charles II. the RHODE ISLAND CHARTER—remarkable as the only charter then known in the history of the world as securing universal Civil and Religious Liberty. Not far from this spot stand the Jews synagogue, once famous for its architectural beauty, when Newport had the largest Jewish population on this side of the Atlantic. I recall with profound respect the memory of Judah Touro, who leaving Newport when a young man, amassed a fortune in New Orleans, which was bestowed while he lived upon the noblest of Christian charities, and when he closed his earthly career his legacy, entrusted to Friend Gould, the beloved Quaker, now keeps in repair the synagogue where his fathers worshipped, and the cemetery where lie buried his brethren. In 1831 I stood beside the grave in that burial ground as the mourners deposited the remains of the last of the Jewish citizens of Newport. Within sight of that spot rises the tall spire of the Episcopal Church, whose rich toned organ was the gift of Bishop Berkley, the profound scholar and eloquent preacher, whose poem, imbued with the spirit of prophecy, contains the oft-quoted line—

> "Westward the march of empire takes its way."

Within a few steps of this ancient edifice there formerly stood on the corner of Pelham street, a few doors only below our favorite Aquidneck House, a post taken from the English ship, then lying as unseaworthy in Newport harbor, in which Captain Cook circumnavigated the globe, while a few steps further stands in mimic grandeur the "ruined castle," or more literally, the "old stone ruin," which is probably the most ancient edifice ever erected by the white man in America.

The discovery of America by the Northmen, so far back as the year 1002, was made according to well authenticated accounts. Leif, a Norwegian, set sail from Greenland on a voyage of discovery—on his return Therwald pursued the discovery in the same ship. Though the accounts of these voyages are somewhat vague, there is reason to believe they effected a landing on the New England coast. After, however, the year 1120 all traces of their discoveries are lost sight of, and at the period of Columbus, 1492, those limited adventures of the hardy Norwegians had passed out of the minds of men. But there are other evidences than this of the ruin at Newport to confirm the belief in these early discoveries, and that the peculiar structure at Newport was made some three hundred years or more before the final discovery. The writer has long felt a deep interest in these matters, and in 1824—forty-four years since—published in your paper, the *Saturday Evening Post*, a long poem on the subject. But of course the ruin is a mystery, and it will ever remain a mystery and an object of interest.

Newport is remarkable for its capacious harbor, in which a thousand ships—or the navies of the world—may lie safely at anchor; and its fortifications are ample. Fort Adams, erected at a cost of some millions of dollars, mounts 468 guns, requiring a garrison of 3,000 men. The ride to this fort is one of the attractions of Newport. The views are varied and attractive—its Mediterranean sea, and its Italian sunsets, with a beach rivalling the Bay of Naples, and a pure, balmy atmosphere, add to the pleasure and the health of visitors. Among the natural curiosities are "Purgatory," not a very inviting name, the Glen, the Spouting Rock, the Beach, and Redwood Library, a beautiful classical structure, though commenced so long ago as 1748, originating in a society instituted by Bishop Berkley. In this building are preserved the large collection of portraits painted by Mr. King, a native of Newport, during his long residence in Washington.

But it would require a volume to set forth the innumerable objects which constantly interest the intelligent visitor, and which contribute to make Newport so distinguished among the watering places of the country.

T. C. C.

☞ Every body rails against punctilio, but it never breeds half the quarrels caused by excessive familiarity. Without some such guard against the encroachments of the latter, there are some eccentric people who, under the claim of freedom, would think themselves entitled to break your head.

☞ EPITAPH ON A BORE.—"He was not for a time, but for *all day*."

Three Years Under Water.

The Cairo Democrat gathers some interesting items relative to work and life under water from a gentleman who has been a professional diver for eighteen years. It says:—

The use of a bell, in diving, is now discarded. The diver wears a water-tight armor over his entire person, except the head, which is covered by an inverted metallic pot, in which the head can turn and move at ease. Thick, transparent glass is fixed in front to serve as windows; and to prevent accident this glass is protected by steel guards or fenders. Equipped in this armor the diver puts on a pair of lead-soled shoes, weighing each twenty pounds, lashes to his back and breast a piece of lead weighing forty pounds, attaches the tube, through which he receives air, to the back of his head-pot, and then is ready for his submarine explorations. He generally descends to the bottom of the river by the use of a ladder, but can, without incurring any risk, jump from the boat and sink to the bottom. He informs us that he has remained under water five hours at a time. The great weight of lead fastened upon his feet and body is necessary to counteract the buoyancy of the air furnished him by the pump. While on the boat the armor and weights form a load for a strong man. Under water they impose no realizable weight, and in no way impede motion.

He has, while under water, often clambered up stanchions, jumped down hatchways, a distance of twelve and fifteen feet, with much greater ease and less risk than he might have performed the same feats out of water. Taking with him his tools, he has frequently worked for hours at a time, patching up the bottoms of snagged steamers, sawing boards, boring holes, driving nails, etc., with perfect ease and accuracy. When the water is clear he can recognize shapes at a distance of two or three feet, and at a distance of six inches he can determine the different kinds of timber. When the rivers are high and the water is muddy, everything is impenetrably black, rendering it immaterial whether his eyes are open or shut. But, with him, the character of the water is immaterial. He has been at the business so long, that by the mere sense of touch he can instantly determine what portion of the wreck he is exploring; can cork up cracks, or patch up holes; can determine the character of the sunken cargo; pass from hatch to hatch through the hold, and do everything else *under* water that an expert blind man might do on the land. He says that he breathes full and satisfactorily; that there is no stifling sensations, however long he remains under. He is of opinion that about three years of his life have been spent under water.

Hermits in the Desert.

But the gorgeousness of coloring, though it may interest us, was not, of course, what produced the deepest effect upon the minds of those old hermits. They enjoyed nature, not so much for her beauty, as for her perfect peace. Day after day the rocks remained the same. Silently out of the Eastern desert, day by day, the rising sun threw aloft those arrows of light which the old Greeks had named "the rosy fingers of the dawn." Silently he passed in full blaze almost above their heads throughout the day; and silently he dipped behind the western desert in a glory of crimson and orange, green and purple; and without an interval of twilight, in a moment all the land was dark. And the stars leaped out, not twinkling as in our damper climate here, but hanging like balls of white fire in that black-blue southern night, through which one seems to look beyond the stars into the infinite abyss, and toward the throne of God himself. Day after day, night after night that gorgeous pageant passed over the poor hermit's head without a sound; and though sun and moon and planet might change their places as the year rolled round, the earth beneath his feet seemed not to change. Every morning he saw the same peaks in the distance, the same rocks, the same sand-heaps around his feet. He never heard the tinkle of a running stream. For weeks together he did not even hear the rushing of the wind. Now and then a storm might sweep up the pass, whirling the sand in eddies, and making the desert for a while literally a howling wilderness; and when that was passed all was as it had been before. The very change of seasons must have been but little marked to him, save by the motions, if he cared to watch them, of the stars above, for vegetation there was none to mark the difference between Summer and Winter. In Spring, of course, the solitary date-palm here and there threw out its spathe of young green leaves to add to the number of those which, gray or brown, hung drooping down the stem, withered but not decaying for many a year in that dry atmosphere; or perhaps the acacia bushes looked somewhat gayer for a few weeks, and the Ribana broom, from which as well as from the palm leaves he plaited his baskets, threw out its yearly crop of twigs; but any greenness there might be in the vegetation of Spring turned gray in a few weeks beneath that burning sun, and the rest of the year was one perpetual Summer of dust and glare and rest. Amid such scenes the mind had full time for thought. Nature and man alike left it in peace, while the labor required for sustaining life (and the monk wished for nothing more than to sustain mere life) was very light.

UNBURIED DEAD.—"Have you ever read the 'Ancient Mariner?'" asked Rev. Mr. Spurgeon one day of his congregation. "I dare say you have thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up to manage the ship—dead men pulling the ropes, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you know that I have lived to see that true; I have seen it done? I have gone into churches and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, and a dead man as deacon, and a dead man holding the plate, and dead men sitting to hear."

☞ A Minnesota courtship and marriage was begun and consummated in twenty minutes.

☞ Junius says: "When once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith."

☞ Prentice wants some one to invent an "extractor" that will take the "stump" out of Congressional speeches.

☞ How to make your mark—Take a piece of coal or charcoal; or, if these are not handy, take a big pencil.

☞ An editor out West has been elected town constable, and now is able to arrest the attention of his readers.

The Parisian Flower Girl.

I was a medical student in Paris at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to record. Tired with long lectures and hard study, I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in midwinter, and the cold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation.

Passing through a lonely street, near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl (at least so she appeared in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp,) who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets which she offered for sale.

"Will Monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are very pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and then, somehow, I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes upon hers, "and so, I think, is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will buy and assist me?" she said.

"Do you really need assistance, Mademoiselle?"

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, Monsieur?"

"And why here at all?" quickly returned I. "This street is little frequented, and is about the last in the world I would have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

She sighed, and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?" said I.

"Five francs."

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plenty."

"To aid you I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite coin; "for though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at such an expense."

She thanked me, and seemed about to pass on, but hesitated, looked up to me, and said—

"Good Monsieur, direct me to the house of a good physician, who will turn out to-night and see a patient at a small recompense."

"Any friend of yours ill?"

"My mother," with a deep sigh and a downcast look.

"Where does she reside?"

"Only a short distance from here."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has a very high fever for one thing."

"When was she taken?"

"She came down last night, and has not left her bed since."

"Why did you not send for a physician at once?"

"We hoped she would be better soon, and as it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

"I am myself a medical student, with considerable experience among the sick of the hospitals, and if you are disposed to trust the case to me, I am at your service without charge," I rejoined, already feeling deeply interested in the fair girl.

"Oh, how shall I thank Monsieur?" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, and an upward grateful look. "Pray, follow me, Monsieur le Docteur."

She turned at once, and moved off at a rapid pace down the street, toward the river Seine, in the direction I was walking when we met.

In less than five minutes we had entered a wretched quarter, among narrow streets, old, tottering buildings, and squalid looking inhabitants, some of whom seemed to glare at us as we passed along.

"Is it much further?" inquired I, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Only a step, Monsieur; it is just here."

Almost immediately she turned into a covered passage, which led in among habitations which I never should have visited in the broad glare of day. A distant lamp served to make the gloom visible, till she suddenly opened a door into total darkness.

"Your hand, Monsieur le Docteur," she said, at the same time taking it and leading me forward.

I was quite tempted to draw back and refuse to go any further, though I mechanically followed her.

We now went through a long, narrow passage, in total darkness, and after one or two short turns, began to descend a pair of creaking, rotten stairs.

"Is it possible you live in a place like this?" said I, secretly wishing myself safely out of it.

"In Paris beggars cannot be choosers," replied the girl.

"But even in Paris it is not necessary for the living to take up their abode in sepulchres!" I rejoined, with some asperity, being vexed with myself for suffering my good nature to lead me into a den from which I might never come out alive.

To this my fair guide deigned no reply. On reaching the foot of the stairs she pushed open a door, a small, dimly lighted room, and I followed her into it with some secret misgivings. There was a bed in one corner of the room, and on it appeared to be a human form, lying very still.

"I have brought a doctor, mother," said the girl, as she closed the door behind me. As there was no reply to this, she turned to me, saying, "Will Monsieur le Docteur please to be seated a minute? I think mother is asleep."

"I beg Mademoiselle to bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments with this case to-night, as I have another call I wish to make immediately," I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from that subterranean quarter as quick as possible.

"Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed where the patient was lying very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing. A woman's cap was on the bed, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down, and beheld the eyeless sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull!

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl left was thrown open, and in marched, one after another, four quite tall human figures, in black gowns and masks. I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried in money about my person some five hundred francs, but not a single weapon of any kind; resistance being, therefore, out of the question, I felt that my only chance—if, indeed, there were a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians, and buy myself off. With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value very highly, because it is the only one I have, and I cannot replace it—that is my life. Everything else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-hand manner; but they marched forward and surrounded me before either said a word.

"How much have you got with you, then?" inquired one, in a civil way, but in a low, gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value, and the exact amount of money; "all of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if one of you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above," I added.

"You said you had more, Monsieur."

"Yes, gentlemen, I have ten thousand francs in the Bank of France, and I will willingly add a check for half that amount."

"Checks don't answer our purpose very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge my honor that I will to-morrow draw out five thousand francs, and pay the amount over to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in his hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased from the fair decoy.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose?"

"No; on my honor, he shall depart unharmed and unquestioned, and no other human being shall be informed of the transaction for a week, a month, or a year."

"Let us handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately drew out my pin, drew off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse, and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make us a present of these, now?" he said.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street above," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal gentleman, indeed," was the response.

They then drew off together, scrutinizing the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversed together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a conversation that involved my life, and to speak the truth it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered; and it was with difficulty that I could stand.

At length, the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a cool, methodical manner, "Monsieur has acted more like a gentleman than any other person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we should be happy to do so; but, unfortunately, we are governed by a rule, which is a law to us, *that dead men tell no tales*, and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of Monsieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant Monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have then resolved to murder me?" gasped I.

"Monsieur uses a very hard term, but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by this watch."

The villain then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that my days were numbered, and secretly began to pray for the salvation of my soul, believing that I could not save my body.

A deathlike silence reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent down and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell, as it might be of putrid bones. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

But why stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt to escape? At the worst it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility that I might get away. I fixed my eyes on the door which opened on the stairway, and with a single bound reached it, but found it fast locked. Then, as the hands of the murderers seized me with murderous intent, and I uttered a wild shriek, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and in a moment the room was filled with gens d'armes. I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy, and two or three others concerned in that murderous den, were all secured that night, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving my evidence against them, and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

The place had for some time been suspected, and the decoy marked. On that night a detective had secretly followed the girl and myself, and, after ascertaining whither she had conducted me, had hastened to bring a body of gens d'armes to the place. The delay of the ruffians in their murderous designs had been just sufficient to save me. I scarcely need add that I never again volunteered to accompany a distressed damsel on a secret adventure while I remained in Paris.

Anecdote of Everett.

Mrs. L. Maria Child tells the following anecdote of Edward Everett, in the Anti-Slavery Standard:—

"When Mr. Everett was preparing a lecture, or address, he is said to have been in the habit of arranging everything very carefully beforehand. When about to deliver a speech at Lexington, in commemoration of the battle on the 19th of April, 1775, he inquired whether any who had fought on that occasion were still living. Being informed that one old man survived, he called upon him, and after some conversation concerning the events of the Revolution, he said: 'In my address, I shall make an allusion to those who fought at the battle of Lexington. I want you to sit in front of me, and when I begin to allude to those heroes, I want you to stand up.'

"The old soldier obeyed his instructions; but as soon as he rose from his seat, Mr. Everett extended his arm, as the statue now does, and exclaimed, 'Sit down, venerable sir! Sit down! It is for *us* to stand in *your* presence.'

"The aged man obeyed the direction, but in the simplicity of his heart he was quite bewildered by such contradictory orders. He had no idea how effects were produced in oratory, and he afterward said to a friend, 'I don't know what Mr. Everett meant. First, he told me to get up, and then when I got up, he told me to sit down.'"

☞ Lord Brougham's longevity is now attributed to his having been preserved in Cannes.

☞ A Western paper declares that there are so many boys in Indiana named for Mr. Colfax, that all the gravestone cutters keep on hand stones cut, "Sacred to the memory of Schuyler Colfax ——," the name to be inserted after the funeral.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON.—The case of John H. Surratt came up again for trial in the Criminal Court at Washington, and was postponed until the 21st of September, Surratt's bail being renewed.

A resolution has passed the House directing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill taxing the interest of United States Bonds ten per cent. Of the Republicans who voted, a majority of seven voted for the bill—and of the Democrats all but two. The effect of the bill would be to reduce the interest from six per cent. to five and four-tenths.

A GENERAL AMNESTY.—It is no longer doubted that the President will on the Fourth of July issue a general amnesty proclamation to all the rebels excepted in his last proclamation, except such as are under indictment before the courts.

THE MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.—General Grant has relieved General McDowell from command of the Fourth Military District, and appointed General Gillem in his place. The district includes the states of Mississippi and Arkansas.

Gen. Meade has issued a proclamation declaring military rule at an end in Florida, and the Governor elect, Reed, has assumed his office. Gen. Meade's order directs the military authorities to abstain from any interference whatever with the civil law.

Gen. Canby has removed the Governors and Lieutenant Governors of North and South Carolina, appointing the newly elected officers in their places.

Gen. Buchanan, acting under orders from Gen. Grant, has removed Governor Baker and Lieutenant Governor Voorhees, of Louisiana, appointing Warmouth and Dunn in their places.

The military department of Alaska has been finally organized, with General Jeff. C. Davis as commander.

MISSISSIPPI.—Forty-seven, out of sixty-one counties in Mississippi, return 13,966 majority against the Constitution.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Supreme Court has decided the Registry Law passed by the last Legislature unconstitutional.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The debate on the Irish Church was continued in the House of Lords on June 29th. At 3 A. M., a division took place, and the bill was rejected by a vote of 97 to 192. The report was received with cheers by the Tories.

Charles Francis Adams sailed for New York on the steamer China on the 27th.

GERMANY.—Extensive arrangements have been made for an appropriate celebration of the coming anniversary of American Independence at Weisbaden. A call has been issued, directed to all the United States representatives in Europe, and such other Americans as choose to attend, to meet at that celebrated watering-place on the 4th of July. The programme includes toasts, speeches, music, &c.

News Items.

A SINGULAR FREAK.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin says that on the passage of a steamer from Chicago a few nights since, an insane woman slipped unobserved away from her guardians, and after a fruitless search one of the sailors discovered through the darkness a singular object on the walking beam of the boat. Lights were brought, when it was found that the object was the insane woman. She sat on the walking beam as a lady would sit on a side saddle, and appeared to take extreme delight in being borne up and down with it. As the passengers flocked around she became more excited and behaved more recklessly, and it was feared that she would fall among the machinery and be crushed to death. A heavy sea was running and it was not safe to stop the engines, but they were made slower, at which the poor woman appeared indignant, threatening to jump off if it did not go faster. How to get her off was a question. The passengers were requested to move away, which they did, and then several of the crew, after a number of attempts, succeeded in grasping the woman as the walking beam came down and rescued her, much to her regret. How she got upon the dangerous perch was a mystery.

It is said the "jar" caused by the frequent passage to and fro of the heavy engines and trains on the underground railroads in London is gradually but surely loosening and making unsound the foundations of the superstructures in the vicinity, and further, that great fears are beginning to be entertained for their safety.

Two gentlemen of Auburn, N. Y., recently eloped, each with the other's wife, on the same train and the same dark night. A recognition ensued in the waiting-room at Syracuse, an exchange was effected, and there is no more division in those households.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe, of Vermont, one 90 and the other 80 years old, have lived together the remarkable period of 71 years. Of their eight living children, the oldest is 70, and the youngest 42, and they have 42 grandchildren and 45 great-grandchildren. What a family gathering they might have!

A paper hanger of Roubaix, France, fell a victim to his imprudence some short time back by going to his breakfast without first washing his hands after handling some green papering. The inquest proved that death was caused by the introduction into the system of salts of copper, now so much used in the manufacture of green coloring for paper.

Of 200 Massachusetts maidens, "anxious and aimless," who went to Washington Territory two years ago, all but three have become mated.

The new species of potato bug, known as the "ten-line-spearman," which created such havoc in Eastern Illinois last year, is making its appearance in very large numbers in some sections of Western Indiana. About Laporte some farmers are ploughing under their vines. In other parts, slacked lime sprinkled over the vines has been found to act successfully.

Cheyenne has had an Enoch Arden case slightly varied. Mrs. Owen supposed her husband was dead and married Mr. Hooker. When Mr. Owen unexpectedly appeared, both Mr. and Mrs. Hooker took poison, and when Mr. Owen saw the consequences of his inconsiderate return, he took poison also, and all three are dead.

Wheat in southwestern Indiana is coming under the sickle in larger quantity and better quality than ever before.

A couple in Chicago, aged respectively 21 and 20 years, have been divorced, after a married life of five summers.

The sea serpent is a denizen of Lake Memphremagog. Four gentlemen saw it, two others have written about it to the Newport Press, and the editor is going out to catch it. He ought to be called Gog; then there would be Gog and (Memphre) Magog.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—An English gentleman, residing in Lungarno, Italy, has a study walled and floored with zinc, it being in fact a large tank filled breast high with water. A few articles of furniture, as a writing table, a chair or two, and a well stored book-case, raised high and dry upon cast iron supports, and kept fast to their moorings by means of screws, complete the simple arrangements. In this retreat—his aquarium he calls it—he passes the hot hours of the day, receiving his friends and writing his letters, with the occasional variety of a dip beneath the surface. His habits are those of a student, and it is said to be delightful to see him striking out every now and then with hands and feet in the direction of his dictionary or other books of reference, spread open for use upon a sloping bank or ledge above water mark.

It has been found, while firing at the "running-man" target, at Wimbledon, England, which is scarlet on one side and gray on the other, that the scarlet dazzles the eye, and is hence the most difficult to hit, from leaving a red streak behind it, which unsettles the aim. The gray side was struck seventy-four times, and the red only forty-two times. It is a curious fact, too, that those with gray eyes hit fairer than those with eyes of other colors.

Some of the retail prices in the Richmond (Va.) markets: Green peas, ten cents per peck; fresh cabbage, five cents head; summer squashes, one cent each; cucumbers, two cents; lettuce, two cents per pound; new beets and onions, five cents per bunch; spring chickens, thirty cents; last fall's chickens, twenty-five cents.

Miss Laura Schaffer, daughter of Mr. Christian Schaffer, an old citizen of Alexandria, Va., while going down stairs on Saturday evening with a coal oil lamp in her hand, caught her heel in the step and was precipitated to the bottom. The lamp was broken, and, the oil taking fire, soon wrapped her in flames, and she sustained injuries from which she died in a few hours. Soon after Charles Tenneson, a young man to whom she was betrothed, rendered frantic by the shock, shot himself through the right temple.

TOUCH.—The Independence Belge publishes a letter from a merchant of Galata, containing a very curious narration, namely, that the Italian brig San Gennaro having lately been becalmed in its course from Naples to Odessa in the waters of the Greek Archipelago, the crew engaged in fishing. The head cook, who was expert in the art, had already succeeded in spearing several fine tunnies, when he struck his harpoon into the body of an enormous sword-fish, which, after a time, was hauled on deck with much labor. The ivory sword was four feet long, and the total length from its point to the end of the tail not less than fifteen feet. But great was the astonishment of the crew when the carpenter, in cutting open the body, discovered in the stomach a moderate-sized box, stamped with a cross and star, the emblems of Turkey, and bearing these words in French "*Poste locale.*" It was a Constantinople letter-box, containing nearly thirty letters, which the captain took charge of with the view to a punctual delivery.

An experiment, made last year in Germany in planting potatoes, showed that where the "eyes" had first been removed, the yield was four times as great as where they were left in their place. It was found that where an old eye had been rubbed off, three or four new ones made their appearance.

The Democratic Convention.

The National Democratic Convention met in New York on Saturday, and the members were called to order by August Belmont, Chairman of the National Executive Committee. Henry S. Palmer, of Wisconsin, was unanimously chosen temporary President. General McCook, of Ohio, proposed that the rules of the House of Representatives be adopted for the government of the Convention. On the question being asked whether this would abrogate the two-thirds rule, the Chairman said it would not. Finally, the motion was so amended as to accept the rules of the National Democratic Convention of 1864, and then adopted. After a discussion as to the right of the Territories to participate in the action of the Convention, which was not conceded, the Committee on Permanent Organization, Credentials and Resolutions were appointed. The Declaration of Independence was read, and the Convention adjourned until Monday morning.

Fruit and Oysters.

Fruit should be eaten alive, like oysters. There is an edge to the taste of a fresh-opened oyster, which comes, I suppose, from the surprise he feels at being suddenly scooped out of his shell. In a few minutes this gives place to a feeling of alarm; and then, in an hour or too, to one of despair. When he is laid out with his brethren in a dish, the whole brood is hopeless and sad. They may still taste of life, but it is of life disappointed. But the fresh-opened oyster has no time to grow feverish or melancholy. He is caught in a state of serene unconsciousness of sorrow. He has a sound mind in a sound body, and is therefore wholesome and nice. Allow him to reflect before his dissolution, and the brightness of his spirit is gone. But the quick operation of detaching him from his shell sends a spasm through his being, which startles all the latent excellence he may possess into sudden and unique perfection. If eaten at this crisis of his healthful powers he conveys all the gratification which an oyster is capable of giving to the superior animal man.

So analogously, I believe, is it in eating fruit. It must be eaten alive, before the reaction begins to set in from its severance from the life-carrying stem. While a plum, for example, hangs upon its stalk, it is in some kind of magnetic correspondence with all the powers of nature—it shares the life of the earth and sky; it has sunshine in its veins and dew in its cells. Cut it off, and in time it dies, corrupt, unwholesome; and every moment in its progress from life to death is marked by a decadence of that essence which makes fruit delicious. Therefore, supposing that you pluck it ripe, the sooner a plum is eaten the better for you. This, of course, applies most to tender, thin-skinned fruit. A firm apple dies slowly. A nut holds out long against the debasing influence of separation from its source of life. But plums, figs, peaches, apricots and strawberries begin to suffer directly they are gathered. This is the case even with pine-apples, which are susceptible of bruises, but they contain such an apparent surplusage of flavor, that the first stages of their decay are not perceived except by a cunning palate.

☞ Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

A Year in Europe.

Horace Greeley says:—If I were to spend a year of pleasure in the Old World, I think I should give a month of it to London, another to the residue of the British Isles, a third to France, a fourth to Germany, a month to Rome, another to the realm of Victor Emmanuel, or what the Pope terms the sub-Alpine kingdom, and the remaining half of the year to Switzerland—not political, but geographical Switzerland, which includes Savoy and the Tyrol. I would cross the ocean in June, land at Havre or Antwerp, make my way directly to the Alps, and there remain until driven down the southward sloping vales by the coming on of winter. Then I would descend to Milan, pass eastward to Venice, and back, by Bologna and Florence, to Rome; hieing therefrom to Naples to greet the advent of spring; steaming thence to Marseilles, and crossing France by Lyons and Paris, to finish my tour in Great Britain and Ireland.

☞ Blanche is but two years old, and is very partial to very well-buttered bread. One day, after her mother had been telling her the story of "Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf," she sat in deep study for a few moments, and then asked, "Mamma, did wolf eat Little Red Ridin' Hood up wit'out any butter?"

☞ Keeping fans for hire is a new curbstone trade in Paris.

☞ An Irish recruit was asked by his officer, "What's your height?" to which Pat replied, "five feet ten, or ten feet five—I am not exactly sure which."

Spasmodic Asthma.—The most severe cases of this dreadful complaint have been cured by a few doses of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma*, and in no instance has it failed to give immediate relief.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAPPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

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Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.
WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor, Pittsfield, Mass.
For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. ☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

INTEGRITY.—Unceasing care in the preparation of RUSSIA SALVE, by Redding & Co., Boston, has caused it to retain its supremacy over the hundreds of trashy imitations to which its success has given rise. For flesh wounds, scalds, burns or bruises, it has *no equal* as a cure. Sold by all druggists. By mail, 35 cents.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are the only reliable medicines for the cure of all bilious symptoms, derangement of stomach and bowels, old sores, ulcers and cancers.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—the world's great remedy for colds, coughs and consumption. jy11-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of May, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. ALBERT D. FISHER, of this city, to Miss REBECCA M. GROFF, of Camden City, N. J.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. EDWARD ASCHENBACH to Miss EMMA J. PASCHELL, both of this city.

On the 25th of June, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE W. KNOLL to Miss EMMA MCARTHUR, both of this city.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. W. J. Paxson, Mr. JOHN W. HART to Miss MARTHA E., daughter of Rev. M. H. Sisty, both of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, FREDERICK WALLACE, Esq., to Miss JOHANNA HAHN, both of this city.

By the Rev. Wm. H. Wood, ANDREW J. STIEF to Miss ANNA E. FRAHUHELLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of June, in Germantown, CHARLES W. CHURCHMAN, aged 66 years.

On the 29th of June, EVA M. STOCKBRIDGE, in her 6?th year.

On the 29th of June, MARGARET, relict of Elihu Curtis, in her 94th year.

On the 28th of June, WILLIAM SIRRINGTON, in his 24th year.

On the 28th of June, ANN, wife of Josiah Clark, in her 57th year.

On the 27th of June, PENELOPE, wife of William Rockefeller, aged 47 years.

On the 27th of June, JOHN HAMILTON, son of John L. and Annie E. Fraley, in his 20th year.

On the 26th of June, MARY GRAHAM, in her 77th year.

On the 26th of June, MRS. JANE A. WEST, aged 81 years.

SUMMER.

BY ALFRED NORRIS.

Dancing along the lands
Green-gowned Summer has come, her robe
spread out in her hands:
And to see her the morn wakes soon, and
the evening is loth to go,
Whilst the stars crowd thick in the sky to
watch her in sleep below.

To prepare for her coming, the Sun
Worked with a burning touch, and to-day
all his work is done—
The fields with their flowers are dressed,
the grasses are long and soft;
The birds have their song in the bushes, the
bees their drone in the croft.

You meet her in earliest dawn
Breathing most fragrant breath by the side
of the blossoming thorn;
Laughing along by the streams, or pausing
in valleys still,
Or painting with tender tints the bare brown
rocks on the hill.

Oft in the noontide heat
She turns to the antique woods where the
dew lies fresh for her feet;
Where the green lights fall through the
leaves on couches of mounded moss,
And the sway of a wind-swung bough throws
shadow and sunshine across.

Then at the end of the day,
Out at the edge of the sea when the waves
plash cool in the bay;
And a pathway of gold is traced from the
Palace of Sunset's door
Far over the heaving tide to the smooth wet
sand on the shore.

Quickly wherever she goes
Comes a warmer waft to the wind and a
richer red to the rose;
On the wave a bluer surge, in the orchard a
whiter bloom,
A brightening light for the sky and greener
grass for the tomb.

Ever in full-flushed health,
Gifts unstinted she flings forth from her
broad-bosomed wealth—
Good for the sons of men; whilst Heaven,
with vaults serene,
Loops up its curtains of cloud and smiles on
the smiling scene.

Oh, for the Summer heart!
Large and tranquil and glad, for ever bearing its part
In a whirling wildered world, whose groanings shall some day cease,
And a King shall rule over all in a Kingdom of Love and Peace.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

or,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

It was an effort to keep up the conversation. Perhaps I did less than my share, because I was so startled by the possible realization of my late fears. He was absent and dispirited, but after our return to the library proposed a walk, to which I readily assented.

"Gerald," I said, after we had gone some distance, "this suspense is torture."

"My dear friend, forgive me! There is no longer any blessed suspense for me, and I have grown selfishly absorbed in my misery."

"It is all over then?" I returned with a gasp, for I could see how he suffered.

"Hope is over, if that is what you mean;" and he gave a sickly smile. "But the rest can end only with life. Sydnie, I wonder if our uncle, in bequeathing his fortune to me, unwittingly transferred his own sad inheritance? I have thought of his life continually for the few past days. One blighted blossom in early youth, and no golden fruitage for the later years. Is love fatal to us Cliffords? My parents were happy, I believe, but yours soon came to the black shadow of a cruel fate."

In his pause I thought of myself. How strangely we were all linked together by suffering. Even Bertha's bright prospect had soon been overclouded by death.

"I think she loves me," he began with sudden vehemence. "She could not deny it, though for some reason she would not confess. I believe no torture could draw it from her. Childish, impulsive and eager as she is, there's something so grand and heroic about her that it fairly awed me. She never thought of my falling in love, and I know she was honest there. It's her fashion to be happy and to make others so, and we have gone on for weeks in such a simple, familiar manner, that my proposal took her quite by surprise. I don't know as I should have found the courage if she had not spoken of her return to Laurelwood."

"But what reason does she assign?" I asked, much amazed at his words.

"She declared a marriage between us impossible, while she has nothing to urge against me, my position or my fortune. I can't describe to you her manner, but her anguish rose from some deeper cause than the mere idea of giving me pain. I think she was hurt herself, though she would not own it. If she did not love me I would endure it all in silence—"

"But I cannot see any reason sufficiently strong to sway her in opposition to her own feelings."

"It's some fancied duty, or an idea of right that she clings to rigidly. All my persuasions could not move her, and she refused utterly to see me again. It was only misery to us both, she said. But I could not believe her decision final, and the next day wrote to her, entreating another interview. All in vain, however. What can I do?"

It was a case where I, certainly, was powerless to advise. What motive could urge Elsie to so mysterious a course? She was no foolish coquette, no finished actress. Indeed, her perfect simplicity had attracted me from the first. I seemed to be thrown out of my usual course of reasoning in every respect, and felt unable to counsel.

"I need not talk much of my love," he went on presently. "You must know what it has been, and what it will be to me, but to think of her as suffering, drinking some bitter draught that should have missed lips so sweet, is intolerable! Sydnie, must it be?"

"Gerald, heaven knows that if I could be of any assistance to you, I would do anything in my power gladly. But I, too, seem helpless."

"You can see her. She has grown strangely fond of you. If her decision arises from a cause where change is impossible, I must submit. Women are better judges of each other, perhaps."

"Suppose she shuns me also?"

"No, that cannot be. At least she will see you before she leaves the city."

"I will do what I can," I said, moved by strong sympathy.

My promise was put to the test before the day ended. An hour after my return home Miss Carme's card was sent up to me, with these words written in pencil—"May I come up to your room? I wish to see you alone."

I waited in the hall for the lithe little figure to flutter over the stairs with its dainty grace. Not so bright and vivacious as usual, and the glad ring had slipped from her voice. But she kissed me with a kind of convulsive passion.

"I am glad to find you thus far recovered," I said cheerfully. "Are you quite well?"

"It was only a severe headache, and being tired out. Auntie was so distressed, not but that it was very kind of her. I only wanted a little rest and quiet."

"Will you take off your cloak and hat?" I asked, as she stood undecided, and then I assisted her.

There was an air of weariness and pain in every feature, yet she strove to make herself appear natural.

"I wish you'd take me in your lap," she said with childish pleading in her voice. "I don't know why, but you always make me think of those calm, sweet Sisters of Charity, who, having over-lived their own sorrows, can be patient and tender with others."

I smiled a little at this as I took her in my arms. The fair head, with its silken tresses, was pillowed upon my shoulder.

"What is the matter?" I asked softly.

"That I should be such a baby! I feel just like being petted and soothed. I'm worn and weary as if I were trenching upon the threescore."

"Are gaieties less pleasant without Mr. St. John?" I said, obeying an impulse that I could not account for the next instant.

A shiver seemed to run through the delicate form.

"I wish we had gone with him," she exclaimed vehemently. Then in a slow, hesitating manner—"Miss Clifford, have you seen your cousin recently?"

"Gerald, do you mean? He was here to-day, and took lunch with us."

She started up at this, her face flushing and paling alternately. Then the hands clasped together with a pathetic gesture, and the eyes were turned away from me.

"I want to talk to you a little about him." She uttered the words with great difficulty, and made a long pause. "Did he tell you or had you fancied that—he cared for me?"

She buried her face in her hands at this, and something like a hard, dry sob pulsated through her frame.

"I know all," I said at a venture.

"Oh, Miss Clifford, don't hate me for making him unhappy. A fatal blindness must have led me on. Somehow I can't think of lovers, and whether any one is likely to care for me, and he seemed so like a brother."

"*Why* couldn't you love him, Elsie?" I said boldly, going to the root of the matter at once.

"Because I—Miss Clifford, I am engaged. I couldn't tell him the truth, but I want you to know it. And if I had suspected how it would be, I should not have received your cousin in the manner I did. But Mr. St. John liked him and was so willing—"

Was she one of those specious women who crave admiration and delude themselves with the idea that they are not really giving encouragement while they accept the most pointed attentions, simply because they do not love?

"I think the fact might have been mentioned earlier. It would have saved one tender and loyal heart from great suffering."

"Don't be angry, and yet I suppose it is all right. I ought to have known. You cannot help despising me. It wasn't altogether my fault. Mr. St. John preferred not to have the engagement mentioned—"

A sudden sharp suspicion caught me.

"To whom are you engaged, Elsie?" I asked.

"Why, to him."

"Mr. St. John!" I drew a long, quivering breath.

"Yes. He is so good and tender, so generous. Not that Gerald lacks anything," and I thought she gave the name a peculiar intonation, "but I had promised before. I did love him, I do love him now, and to make him happy I would give my whole life. For though he has always been prosperous, and the world might think there was nothing for him to wish, he has never reached the heights on which some men stand. He seemed to have missed the one thing that brings highest joy, or had, until—"

"Elsie, do you mind telling me how it occurred—your engagement I mean."

For I was absolutely bewildered. Stuart St. John in love with this child!

"He and auntie came for me, you know. There had been some correspondence about it, and papa was quite willing to give me up. Though my step-mother never treated me ill, she loved her own children much better, and when Aunt Isabelle proposed that I should come north and finish my education, and remain with them if I liked, mother urged me to accept. I had seen Mr. St. John once when I was a little girl and liked him so much. Well, they came to Cuba and brought me home with them to Laurelwood. It's such a lovely place, isn't it? That was nearly eighteen months ago. At first for a while I had a governess, but Mr. St. John taught me my music. I used to sit for hours and hear him play—I had never listened to anything so beautiful. Last spring and summer he grew so sad that it pained me, and I wanted to comfort him. Just the tender melancholy that appeals strongly to one, so I would bring my books and read to him, or sing. We used to have such long, strange talks, and I knew then that he wasn't happy or satisfied with what life had brought him. At last—I don't remember how we came to say it, but he was glad to be loved, and I was glad to love. I sometimes wonder that he should have chosen me, he is so grand, so above me in everything. But he doesn't love me to be grave or make myself old. I've been very happy."

Her eyes wandered dreamily to the further side of the room as she said this, and for a moment there was silence as the slow cadence of her voice died away.

"He thought I was too young to be married. Just before Christmas we all went to Washington and spent two delightful months there. Then we came to New York. He told auntie it was best not to speak of the engagement at all. I believe she thinks it rather foolish and fancies that I shall tire of it."

"And then you met my cousin?"

"Yes, that night at Mrs. Varick's. I'm so fond of dancing, you know, and Mr. St. John insists that I shall have every pleasure. He is royally indulgent, but I mean to give most of them up when I am married, and devote myself exclusively to him. I couldn't help liking Gerald. He's so fresh and winsome, and enjoys everything with such a peculiar zest. But I never thought—oh, Miss Clifford, do believe that I did not purposely mislead him. And after awhile tell him how it was and try to make him find some happiness elsewhere."

"And you couldn't love him?"

Her lips quivered like a child's, and the tears just filled her soft eyes without overflowing.

"I had no right even to *try*. As soon as he spoke I knew how wrong it was. Perhaps I was cruel not to listen, but oh, every word smote my own heart so bitterly! All that first night I almost wished I had died before I had caused him such pain. You'll tell him how sorry I was."

"But Mr. St. John might release you."

"No, I shall never so wound him. It's a fancy of mine that somewhere along life he has received a keen, cruel wrench, and though he doesn't show the scar, it bleeds inwardly. Shall I tear it open afresh?"

She was sobbing in my arms. What a strange story! The incongruity of this marriage struck hard against a certain sense of mine, and I felt as if it should not be. But was it my place to interfere? *If* Mr. St. John loved her would he not really hate me for my officiousness? And then the hot blood rushed to my brow;—no, my lips must be silent, even if they all rushed to positive misery.

"My darling!" I said, trying to comfort her with kisses.

"Oh, Miss Clifford, I've been so wretched, but I know I am right. When we get to Laurelwood I shall feel calm and strong again. I can't pain him and blight his life. Gerald is so much younger—he may learn to forget me. Only if he will not think me deceitfully wicked. Don't let him do that."

"I will tell him the simple truth," I said, moved by the infinite pathos of her voice.

"And you think I am right?"

I would make one effort.

"Elsie," I said tenderly, "it would be better to let Mr. St. John be the judge."

"No, no," and she shivered. "He is quite generous enough to yield his chance for happiness to another."

"Are you sure that you can make him happy?"

"Quite sure."

"But will you attain to the highest happiness yourself?"

"I shall do right," she said bravely. "And now, dear Miss Clifford, forgive all the trouble I have caused you and yours. In a few days we shall leave the city."

"Let fate work out the problem," I said, fiercely, to myself. If God meant that this should be, I was powerless to turn the course of events. I could see where Elsie's sense of gratitude, justice, and pity were leading her astray. Yet to seek to convince her was useless. For Gerald to make an appeal to Mr. St. John might only complicate matters, even if he could resolve upon such a step. It must go on to the end.

We talked for some time, and Elsie grew gradually calmer. Still, I could not help believing that her regard for Gerald was stronger than she would admit, and might blossom into the deepest passion of her life. She tried to soften the blow to him with many kind messages to be given after awhile, but she remained steadfast in her resolve of not seeing him.

I called upon them twice before they left; and Mr. St. John made a brief farewell visit with the ladies. Mrs. Lawrence tried to extort a promise that I would visit Laurelwood the next summer.

"I can no longer tyrannize over you in the capacity of guardian," he said, with a short laugh that had a bitter flavor.

CHAPTER XXV.

Barely from off the desert of my life,
I gather patience and severe content.
—*Alex. Smith.*

Gerald did not submit to his fate easily. We both felt that Elsie was making an unwise, as well as dangerous experiment; and that when it was too late, she might learn her fatal mistake.

"I don't doubt that Mr. St. John will try to make her happy; but there is so much difference in their ages and temperaments. And she, in her rigid endeavor to cheat both him and herself, would die a martyr on the cross of love."

There was a settled melancholy in Gerald's deep eyes; and whenever he uttered such sentences, my heart was acutely pained.

And then I remembered my own many pangs. I strove to say that I would be satisfied to know that Mr. St. John was happy with another, but I could not so cheat myself. Years and absence had not extinguished that divine passion. Like Gerald, I had drank of its charmed waters for all time. There was no oblivion for me.

Some weeks later, Gerald joined a company of friends who were going to Central America. I knew the change would prove beneficial to him. Elsie's first letter was so tranquil, that I felt the faintest hope for him must be at an end forever.

It was quite impossible for me to return to my former quiet mode of life. Society preferred its claims and would be heard. Why should I exile myself from all the pleasures of the world? My friends rejoiced at my success, and I experienced a thrill of gratification that was notallied to vanity. Since this was to be the pleasure of my future, I would accept it in peace.

Presently we glided over into May. The spring was very forward, and the warm days made us think of finding some airy summer resort. In the midst of these discussions I received a sudden summons elsewhere. A note from Mr. St. John that contained these tidings:

"My dear Miss Clifford—Since our return to Laurelwood, Elsie's health has failed continually, and she is now seriously ill with a fever. She begs for you continually, and as it is for her happiness, I am emboldened to ask the favor. Will you come to us immediately. With warmest regards from my sister. ST. JOHN."

To refuse was simply out of the question. I would have done much for the dear child's sake. I felt that she was nearing a fateful crisis. How would it end?

I telegraphed my answer, and made my preparations immediately. How strange that I should be going back, changed in many respects, yet in others the same. Nearly seven years since I had first seen Laurelwood. What a varied life mine had been!

Bertha insisted that I should return as soon as possible, and I promised. A journey had no terror for me now, and yet I seemed to tremble at every step. What would be the result? For I felt as if I held the happiness of others in my hand.

When I reached the station, I discerned a familiar figure pacing the platform. My heart gave a great bound that was more of apprehension than hope. He was waiting for me, and took my hand as I stepped out.

"Miss Carme?" I exclaimed in my awkward agitation.

"She is very ill indeed, nearing the crisis. I am glad you have come."

His face and manner were very grave, and there was a peculiar stern resolve in every feature that made a coward of me. Should I never be able to shake off this man's power?

"Did you find your journey tiresome?" This time his voice was soft and sweet.

"Not particularly," I responded, and then glanced up with one of those sudden impulses. Did we both think of the first time I had come thither?

The carriage was waiting just beyond. He handed me in and arranged the blanket with his usual carefulness, for the morning air seemed rather chilly.

"You said in your note that Elsie had not been well since you came to Laurelwood," I began at length, for the silence grew oppressive.

"No. Her New York season was too fatiguing, I think. She was very glad to come away; and yet she has not been the same happy, care free child that she was before. Miss Carme, of all others, needs a bright, satisfying life."

Did he begin to doubt his ability for making it satisfactory? A perplexed look lingered about his face like a fluttering cloud.

"There's something now that I don't understand, a kind of fear and reticence that I never saw in her before. Was she much with you during the last fortnight?"

"Very little," I replied, feeling that this was unsafe ground. "She was not well even then."

"I feel doubly anxious for her welfare, since it was our proposal that she should leave her own home. My sister is warmly attached to her."

It did not appear to me that there was much of the ardent lover in his look or tone. Would the man never be roused to that grand height of which I felt he was capable?

But we lapsed into silence again. Familiar sights and sounds stirred my heart and memory. The hope that had glorified the primal day of my life was not dead, only sleeping, and already felt that it might be called forth with a word. Ah, I must thrust it back into its grave. The time had gone by when it would have been a welcome and cherished guest.

If Laurelwood had met with any change it was only to grow more beautiful. I bowed my head with reverent awe and let old remembrances join this new tide with a mighty rush. How little I had expected ever to return, and now I was here!

Mrs. Lawrence betrayed much emotion as she came forward to welcome me. She looked worn and anxious.

"I am so glad you have come," she uttered in a tone that I could not doubt. "But Elsie is much worse than when we first sent. She calls for you incessantly, but I doubt if she will recognize you."

"Miss Adriance has been travelling all night, and must have a rest before she enters the sick room," Mr. St. John said, and we both smiled over the old name. It did seem most natural here. I felt as if I had been away on a long masquerade, and had but just returned to my proper character.

I was compelled to yield to the kind care. After my breakfast, Mrs. Lawrence insisted that I should take a rest. Elsie was dozing and quiet, and Mr. St. John was going to watch her for awhile. So it was nearly noon when I entered the apartment.

The poor child lay tossing restlessly upon her pillow, the wide open eyes unnaturally bright with fever, and the cheeks glowing in their dangerous scarlet.

"Miss Clifford has come," Mr. St. John announced, taking the wasted hand in his. She was very much emaciated, and her features, that had been so lovely in their roundness, now were sharp or sunken.

"I wanted to see her." The voice had a hollow, wandering sound, but she looked past me rather than at me, while she seemed making an effort to remember something. "Did you tell him, Miss Clifford? Do you think he forgave?—"

The rest was incoherent muttering. I felt a guilty knowledge of her secret rising to my face with a flush, and did not dare glance around.

"Where is she? Won't she take me in her arms, as she did once? I'm so tired, so tired!"

She stretched out both her hands imploringly. A beseeching look lighted up the restless eyes.

I came near and bent over her, soothed her with low words until she was tranquil, yet she did not appear to actually realize my presence.

"Suppose you leave me with her a little while?" I said in a rather decisive tone.

Mr. St. John would fain have lingered. I knew that he had some dim suspicion of a secret. I could not think what I must do in this cruel strait, but resolved to guard her while it was possible.

When we were alone I let her talk without any restraint. She only gave vague hints, however, and restless mutterings, mentioning no name. If I could but keep Mr. St. John away!

At three the physician came in. An old friend that I had seen years before, and who appeared delighted with this encounter.

"You are just the one we need," he exclaimed, after his first surprise had subsided. "Mrs. Lawrence is nearly wild with excitement and fatigue, and it would be better if she were not allowed in here more than a few moments at a time. The nurse is excellent, but she hasn't that peculiar soothing power over her that you possess. If we can take her safely through until noon to-morrow, the danger will be past. And this sweet life is too precious to wither like a flower.

I promised to do my best, and succeeded very well—for from that time until nine in the evening, when he called again, she had said but little, though she had been exceedingly restless. One or two symptoms he thought improved.

"Watch her closely through the night," he said, and left directions for every change, with the kind of remedies that were to be used. He also had a long conversation with Mr. St. John in the adjoining room.

The nurse would have remained, but I did not care to have her. Mr. St. John proposed sharing my watch, but I was fain to dismiss him.

"At least I shall stay within call. It is too much for you to be alone; and we are under great obligations to you."

His tone was unnaturally cold, I thought, and he showed that he was laboring under some constraint. If Elsie could get through the night without betraying her secret!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POOR.

What! poor you say? Why, save you, friend,
I've more than half the world can show;
Such wealth as mine you cannot boast,
Such bliss as mine you cannot know.
I've more than keenest head can sum—
Could ever dream of, night or day;
I've treasures hid from sordid hearts
No cunning thief can take away.

My riches never bring distrust
Between me and my fellow-men;
No evil passion stirs my breast,
To yield me hate for hate again.
But pleasure, peace and joy they bring;
They soothe my cares, they make me glad;
They give delight I cannot name,
And buy me comfort when I'm sad.

Come here and open wide your eyes,
You see earth's glory at my feet,
You see the sky above my head,
The sunshine on my garden seat;
You see the love that lights my home,
The children round my cottage door—
The birds, the bees, the grass and flowers,
And you have dared to call me poor!

Come here and open wide your ears,
And hark the music morning makes,
When from the hills and from the woods
Her high and holy anthem breaks.
Come here and catch the grand old songs
That nature sings me evermore—
The whispering of a thousand things,
And tell me—tell me, am I poor?

Not rich is he, though wider far
His acres stretch than eye can roll,
Who has no sunshine in his mind,
No wealth of beauty in his soul.
Not poor is he, though never known
His name in hall or city mart,
Who smiles, content beneath his load,
With God and Nature in his heart.

The Englishman and his Coat.

At bull-fights in Spain the greatest courtesy to strangers generally prevails. Sometimes, however, Spaniards will remark upon a stranger if he happens to have anything very peculiar on, as is the case of an Englishman, whom a friend, Don R., had chaperoned to the bull-ring at Madrid. The morning had been showery, and Mr. A. had put on a light mackintosh. During the time the public were waiting for the entrance of the first bull, this coat attracted the attention of No. 6, or Numero Seis. Numero Seis (as those who know the Plaza de Toros at Madrid will doubtless remember) is a large box on the ground floor, capable of containing some 300 or 400 persons, and in which the connoisseurs in bull-fighting always take up their position. No. 6 is more dreaded than the press, and it is no exaggeration to say that the torreadors fight entirely *at* No. 6, and watch its occupants as eagerly as an author might glance at the face of some well-known critic, on the appearance for the first night of a new play. The coat, then, of Mr. A. having attracted the sitters in No. 6, they considered it necessary to make some remark upon it, and a sing-song was began thus: (translated) "Take off your mack-in-tosh. Take off your mack-in-tosh." This repeated by four or five hundred voices, whilst every eye was fixed upon him, made Mr. A. feel very uncomfortable, and turning to his Spanish friend, Don R., asked—"What on earth are they saying? and why are they all looking this way?" Don R. had to explain that they wished him to take his coat off. "Oh, certainly," replied Mr. A., and immediately pulled it off—when the chorus directly changed into "Gratias, Caballero! Gratias, Caballero!" ("Thanks, Cavalier!") The bull, however, was a long time making his appearance, and the critics in No. 6 found the time very heavy on their hands, so the chorus began again—"Put *on* your mack-in-tosh. Put *on* your mack-in-tosh." "What on earth is it now?" inquired poor A., and his friend had again to explain that No. 6 thought that after all Mr. A. looked better in his mackintosh. Very good-naturedly he again complied. The attention of nearly the whole Plaza had by this time been directed to the unlucky owner of the mackintosh, and no sooner had he struggled into it than an enormous chorus, from all sides, burst out of "Gratias, Caballero! Gratias Caballero!" accompanied with bows and smiles from all directions. Luckily for Mr. A., at this minute the bull dashed into the ring and he was left in peace.

☞ One hundred years ago, a good deacon of New Haven carried an umbrella to church—the first one seen in that place—and a deputation of the brethren were sent to "labor" with him, inasmuch as the use of an umbrella when it rained was thought to be flying in the face of Providence. What would they have thought of Life Insurance and lightning rods in those days?

☞ "I'm afraid you don't like babies when they cry," said a matron to a gentleman, as she tried to soothe the darling in her arms. "Oh, yes," said he, "I like them best when they cry, because I've always observed that *then* they are invariably carried out of the room."

☞ The Rev. Mr. Punshon, being requested to address the Methodist Conference at one of their recent sittings, said: "Speech is silver, silence is golden, says the proverb. I do not happen to have any small change about me this morning. Will you accept the gold?

☞ Some folks are prodigiously penitent over other people's sins, and seem to think they have a special call to confess them before the whole world. They will gouge their brother's eyes out rather than leave a single mote in them.

DON'T CROWD.

BY E. E. BROWN.

Don't crowd; this world is broad enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are opened wide—
The realm of thought is free;
Of all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore;
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from his door?
Of willing hands and honest heart
Alone should man be proud;
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud Miss; your dainty silk
Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress;
This lovely world was never made
For you and I alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad;
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
So each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right—give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

POLLY'S ONE OFFER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

I.

"I'm not wishing to complain, but it *is* a hard life to be left a widow with children, and nothing certain to bring 'em up to. I hope my girls may never marry to be left as I was. Poor James didn't expect it, and I'm sure I looked for something very different, or I should have thought twice before I'd plunged into such troubles. A family comes before you've time to turn round, and nobody would believe the wear and tear of boys but them that have them—not that girls are not a terrible anxiety too. And it isn't so much when they're little—when they're little, after you've put 'em to bed, you know they are safe and out of mischief, and there is peace in the house; it is when they're getting up your real troubles begin. Jack is no sooner off my hands than there's Polly to think of—poor little Polly that was seventeen yesterday, and was only a baby when her father died—there she sits!" and, as she concluded, Mrs. Curtis raised her right hand and let it drop heavily into her lap again, and groaned as if Polly were engaged in the commission of some moral enormity past expression in words.

The stout old lady, Mrs. Sanders, to whom the widow was pouring out her injuries at the hands of Providence, groaned responsive, and looked at Polly with a slow shake of the head, which seemed to imply that her case was bad as bad could be. "Thank the Lord, I never had no children," said she, with solemn gratitude; "they'd have killed me outright. Sanders is quite enough by himself. Nobody knows, but them that has 'em to put up with, the cur'ous ways of men. Take warning by your mother and me, Polly, and never you go to marry, to be dragged to death with children, and made a slave of by a husband as won't let you have a sixpence in your pocket, and him that extravagant with his clubs, and his committees, and his nonsense, that I should never be surprised if we was in the Gazette next week."

Polly's rosy little dewy face laughed all over, and she cried gayly:

"That I won't, Mrs. Sanders; you and my mother are a perfect antidote to the romance of family affection. If ever I feel tempted to fall in love, I'll remember you, and be saved the folly."

"Folly, indeed, and worse than folly!" ejaculated Mrs. Curtis, and stared wearily into the fire.

She deserved to be weary. Mrs. Sanders had come in at three o'clock out of the November fog; it was now five, and quite dusk in the little drawing-room, and not one cheerful word had either attempted to say to the other. Polly would have run out of hearing of their monotony long since, but there was no other fire in the house to escape to except Biddy's in the kitchen, which was not "redd up" till tea-time; so she had fallen back on the patience of a contented heart and sweet temper, and her precious faculty of mental abstraction, which she had cultivated to a high degree in her mother's society. And a very wise measure too, for though Mrs. Curtis bemoaned her widowed lot without ceasing, Polly well knew that her griefs were fictitious now, and that she enjoyed nothing so much as a good uninterrupted wail with vulgar old Mrs. Sanders. In fact, all her real cares had been taken off her shoulders by other people as fast as they arose, and on this particular November afternoon, she was so much at a loss for a grievance that she could only recur to the event of seventeen years ago, when a beneficent Providence had relieved her of a husband of whom, during his lifetime, she had never spoken save as a "trying" man. Jane the eldest daughter, and the eldest of the family, had assumed its headship immediately on her father's vacating it, and had, by her teaching of music and singing, earned its daily bread since she was as young as Polly was now. Uncle Walter had taken James and Tom from the grammar school successively, after helping to maintain them there until they were of an age to go into training for physic and divinity, the expense or which training he bore, with the assistance of Uncle Everard; then Uncle Everard's wife, who had no girls of her own, had adopted Lily, the second daughter, from quite a little thing, and had brought her up with every luxury and indulgence of a rich man's child; and, lastly, Uncle Robert, who was a civil engineer, had just taken Jack into his house and office, with the understanding that he would provide for him entirely if his conduct was satisfactory. The worst of this was, as Jane said, that they could never be one house again; but her mother, who had no sentiment, protested that it did not matter, if they were in the way of promotion in the world: large families must scatter, and all she wanted was to see them get on, and be independent, and not subject to poverty as *she* had been. Jane acquiesced in the necessity for the boys, and only hoped they might keep little Polly at home; for little Polly was her pet, her heart's darling and delight from the day of her birth until now that she was a sweet, blooming, blushing little woman.

But little Polly, for a wonder, had a fancy for getting away from the dull suburban cottage whence the boys were now all gone for good, and had lately proclaimed her own intention to go out as a governess, and not continue a burden on Jane.

"A burden!" echoed Jane: "why, Polly, you are my only joy!"

"But you will not have to work so hard when I can help mother from my salary, and I don't at all dislike the idea of going out, as some girls do. I'm not afraid," said Polly, with the brightest brave look on her bonnie face.

"But I dislike the idea for you," said Jane, and did not drop her opposition even when Mrs. Curtis interposed with the remark that Polly was very sensible, and, for anything she should do to hinder it, might have her own way: she had much better go for a governess than stop at home to be picked up and married by somebody who would die and leave her with a dozen children to fend for, and nothing to put in their mouths.

Polly laughed: "Don't be anxious, mammy dear, catch me marrying after listening to you and Mrs. Sanders for all these years! I should as soon think of jumping into the canal!"

"Hush, Polly! don't be silly," said Jane. "What do you know about it? All men don't die like papa, and all women are not such bad wives as Mrs. Sanders—yes, I call her a bad wife—always speaking ill of her husband, who is no worse than other people's."

"Then how disagreeable other people's must be," retorted Polly, naughtily.

Jane shook her head at her reprovingly, and the subject dropped for the moment. But it was to this whim of Polly's that Mrs. Curtis was referring when she told her favorite gossip that no sooner was Jack off her hands than there was Polly to think of—as if the anxiety would be hers. She was not an unkind mother, but she had no desire to keep her children at home, and it was her evident willingness to part with Polly, who had never given her a day's pain since she was born, that had most to do with Polly's determination to go. She was a clever little creature, and had been well educated; kisses, caresses, indulgences had never been in her way, and she felt no need of them. The atmosphere of home was too cold for the development of affectionateness. Jane had wisely ordained that she should be trained to be serviceable, but she had not intended that her pet sister should work like herself while she could work for her; and she was thoroughly dismayed when she heard the little thing declare that she meant to use the weapons of independence that had been put into her hands, to keep herself, and help her mother. Jane had never been otherwise than rather plain, and when, at twenty, Dr. Shore proposed to her, her mother and everybody else had said that it was so clearly her duty to stay at home, and assist in bringing up the younger children, that she had abandoned all hope of having a life of her own, and had applied herself to extending and strengthening her musical connection, which was already yielding her a nice little income. We may suppose that her affections had not been very deeply engaged, though often afterwards, when tired and jaded with a long day's work, she used to think that, if the fates had been propitious, she could have been very happy as Dr. Shore's wife: he had married then, and there was no place of repentance left her, and she kept her regrets to herself; but it was one of her chief pleasures of imagination to throne Polly in some good man's love, and bless them with children to whom she was to be a fairy godmother and special providence: for Polly was very sweet and pretty, a round, rosy, soft, dimpled little creature, whom it was quite a temptation to kind people to fondle and be tender to.

But Polly, too sensible, to practical mite that she was, did not care for their fondling, and made a mock at their tenderness. She prided herself on her strength of mind and her capability, and was quite in earnest to prove them. As for being pretty, and having eyes like golden syrup and a complexion of milk and roses, what did it matter? She had brains too, and would make quite as good a governess as ugly girls; and she would a great deal rather be Jane with money of her own, and free and independent, than be dragged to death with children like her mother, or have shillings doled out to her one by one for housekeeping, like Mrs. Sanders. As for falling in love, people didn't all fall in love, and she was not going to fall in love? Jane might trust her for that—she was not an idiot, and she should take good care to nip any sentiment of that sort in the bud.

While Polly was still at home, her mother had shown her that process of nipping sentiment in the bud, and though Polly spoke of it thus airily when she wanted to reassure Jane, she had manifested some temper at the time of the actual occurrence. It was on this wise. A school-fellow of her brother Tom, who had been at Heidelberg University for a couple of years, came back to Norminster, and called on Mrs. Curtis. Tom had left home then, but Walter Scott nevertheless called again, and after the second visit, when he had seen Polly, and heard her and Jane sing, he sent some German music that he had copied with his own hand, and a nice little note addressed to Polly. Mrs. Curtis pursed up her mouth as Polly's expanded in a pleased and rosy smile, and said:

"That music must be returned, Polly."

Polly's countenance was solemnized in a moment, and her clear, brown eyes sparkled as she asked, briefly,

"Why?"

"Because I say so. I know what I am about and what I mean, Polly."

"Wait till Jane comes in; it is nothing to make a fuss about."

"Do what I bid you, and do it at once. Tie up the music again, and write a civil note to say that you never accept presents."

"This music has not cost him sixpence,—only his trouble," said Polly, still reluctant. "Jane will be vexed."

Mrs. Curtis frowned a brief repetition of her command (she did not want for will, and usually had her own way,) and then Polly obeyed,—presenting "her compliments and thanks to Mr. Walter Scott, but her mother did not allow her to accept presents."

Jane fulfilled Polly's prediction of being vexed. She said sending poor Walter's music back was making much ado about nothing; musical people always gave each other music, and she would have liked to see it herself if it was new. She never did see it, however; for Walter took his rebuff seriously and called no more on Mrs. Curtis and her daughters. It was after this incident that Polly mooted her longing for liberty, and, though nobody suggested any connection between the two circumstances, they were connected. If young men had been all roaring lions and fiery dragons, Mrs. Curtis could not have more obstinately shut her doors against them, or preached severer warnings of the danger of them to Polly in private. Two results ensued. Polly learnt to think of young men as vanity and vexation, and of home as dull and cheerless; and then the idea occurred to her that, if other girls worked, why should not she? "Why should not she?" echoed her mother, and after a very little discussion her idea matured into a positive wish and desire to go out as a governess. Jane resisted until she saw that resistance was fruitless, then she gave in; and while Polly began to prepare her modest wardrobe for a start in the world, Jane inquired amongst the parents of her pupils for a suitable place where she might earn her first experiences mildly.

"I must have my evenings to improve myself, and I don't want to be treated as 'one of the family,'—I'd rather not," Polly announced, full of her coming independence, and contemptuous of all half measures by which the change might be made easy to her. Jane bade her not expect to have everything just as she liked in other people's houses; she must prepare to conform to their ways, and not expect them to conform one tittle to hers.

But Polly would take no discouragement; she was quite gay and valiant in her fashion of looking the world in the face, and she felt glad, absolutely glad, as if some great good fortune had befallen her, when just before Christmas, after a long negotiation on paper and a personal interview, she was engaged as governess to the three children of Captain and Mrs. Stapylton, at a salary of twenty pounds the first year, rising five the second and third. The stipulation for evening leisure was agreed to, and Jane and everybody else allowed that, since she *would* go out, it was as nice a beginning as she could have. Captain Stapylton was a military officer on half-pay, and warden of the royal forest of Lanswood: his wife was of a Norminster family, and if Polly stayed with them three years (not less than three years,) and used her opportunities as she ought, she would then be equal to a higher situation and a handsome salary—so, at least, reasoned Miss Mill, who, having been a governess and about in the world nearly half a century, of course knew all about it; and little Polly, listening to her delighted, felt her responsibility, and assumed grave airs of being about a hundred years old, which tickled the fancy of some foolish people so excessively that they were more than ever inclined to treat her with affectionate disrespect. Jane said to Miss Mill that she was not cut out for a governess, and Miss Mill replied that anybody could see that; but Polly had a lofty sense of her own dignity, and not the remotest idea of the temptation she was to silly kind folks; and thus she started on her career with clear-eyed, happy-hearted confidence, brave and safe as Una with the lion, all the aim of her life being personal independence, and ability to save Jane and help her mother.

II.

Polly Curtis was blessed in a dear school friend, three months her elder in experience of the world, with whom she kept up a brisk correspondence, nobody but themselves being able to imagine what they found to say in their long and frequent letters. To Margaret Livingstone, with all appropriate seriousness, she had confided every step in her progress towards liberty; and, as soon as her engagement with Mrs. Stapylton was concluded, she wrote off to her a solemn statement of its conditions, winding up with the expression of a hope that she might be strengthened to do her duty in the station of life to which it had pleased Providence to call her, and a brief moral essay thereupon:

"You know, dear Maggie, I am not like you—a bird of the air, a lily of the field, created neither to toil nor spin—I am a brown working-bee, and, thank God! I don't care for pomps and vanities. Rich girls can afford to dream of love and lovers, but I have pruned the wings of my fancy, for they are as far from me as the mountains in the moon. All my ambition is to be a good governess, and if I can ever work myself up to a salary of a hundred a year, I shall be the proudest and happiest of women. Don't talk to me of marrying; it is not in my way; my mother never lets a day pass without warning me of its perils and disappointments. She prevented Jane marrying, and she would prevent me, if I wished it ever so; but I shall be safe from temptation in my school-room at the Warden House. If Lanswood is only eight miles from your home, could you not ride over and see me some day when the days are longer? I am busy getting my things ready, and I go the first week in February. There is something inspiriting in the thought that henceforth I shall be my own mistress, winning the bread I eat, and depending on no one. But I'll confess it to you (I would not for the world confess it to Jane,) that now and then suddenly, when I think of it, my heart gives a spasm as if it were going to turn coward; but my head is not afraid, not a bit. We must make the most of our time in writing before I go, for I do not expect to have very much leisure when teaching begins. You will often think of me, dear Maggie, I know; but don't be sorry and pitiful over me. I am a tough little subject, and is not the back made for the burden? Besides, it is the will of God," &c., &c., &c.

At this point of Polly's letter, Maggie, who was a big-boned tall creature, with a great tender heart, broke down and began to cry. She could not bear to think of the pretty clever little darling she loved and worshipped so having to *work*, for work and self-dependence were unintelligible ideas to Maggie's indolent dreamy temper. She could not understand her dear Polly slaving like the teachers she had known; it seemed like setting a lark to plough. Boisterously in on her tears broke Bob, her brother, the man of the house, and heard all her complaint, and laughed at it; and then, to comfort her, suggested that Polly should be invited for a week to Blackthorn Grange before she went to Lanswood.

"Would you like her to come, Bob?" Maggie inquired, with eager wistfulness, as if a thought had sprung up in her mind full grown.

"Yes, if she is pretty," said Bob, coolly.

"She is as pretty as pretty can be. But perhaps mother won't, she could not endure Laura's friend," sighed Maggie, and desponded again. She was, however, the youngest daughter of three, and, being fresh from school, some indulgence was due to her; and when her grief and its reason why were explained, Mrs. Livingstone consented to Polly's being asked for a week, not for longer, until she saw for herself what sort of a little body she was. Maggie wrote in exuberant joy and haste, putting the invitation into the most cordial glad words, and make everything (with Bob's assistance) so smooth and easy on the way to the Grange and forward to the Warden House afterwards, that there was no room for doubt or discussion, only for a plain Yes or No. Jane obtained that it should be Yes, and Polly despatched the reply, in which her smiles, and dimples, and delight were soberly reflected, as became a young woman about to begin the world on her own account. Bob was permitted to read this letter of Polly's, as a reward for his goodness, but by the time it came, it is sad to record that he was growing rather tired of her praises, which Maggie sang in the ears of the household all day.

"Plague take your Polly Curtis; you can talk of nothing else," cried Laura, whose friend had proved a failure, and this on the very morning of the day when Polly was to arrive; and Fanny, the other sister, who was very good-natured as a general thing, went so far as to add that she should not be sorry when Maggie's "governess friend" had been and gone; she was not partial to governesses.

And about half-past four in the soft gray January twilight Polly came. Mrs. Livingstone, mindful of all courtesies, all hospitalities, met her in the porch, and brought her in with a kiss; and Laura and Fanny were very polite, notwithstanding their previous bit of temper; and Maggie, after turning her round ecstatically, and looking at her by firelight and window-light, declared that she was just like herself, and her own dear darling little mite of a Polly, and what a horrid shame it was to make her a stupid old cross-patch of a governess!

"Maggie!" interposed her mother, with a world of rebuke in her voice.

"Polly does not care what I say; does she?" murmured Maggie, turning her round affectionately, and peeping under her bonnet,—girls wore cottage bonnets in those days, which were like eaves over their modest faces.

"I like it," said Polly, and glanced round at the assembly with ineffable patronage and self-possession. She felt inexpressibly important; was she not here on an independent visit, previous to entering on an independent career of praiseworthy labor?

"Oh you wee bit solemn goosey, come upstairs!" cried Maggie; and bore her off, dignity and all, to the room they were to share; and the mother and sisters, left behind, laughed gently, and said there was something very odd about the little creature, but she seemed nice,—not much like a governess, however.

Polly's box had been carried up-stairs before her, and Maggie watched the opening of it with much interest and curiosity.

"I want you to look your very bonniest," said she. "My mother takes the queerest fancies for and against people, and I want her to take a fancy to you. She could not bear Laura's friend, Maria Spinks, and she won't have her here again. She took to you at first sight from the way she kissed you,—I know she did, and I'm so glad."

"I am pleased too,—I like to be liked," said Polly. "She is a very grand old lady, Maggie, you never told me."

"Bob is like her,—the only one of us that is,—he hasn't come home yet; he is out with the hounds to-day,—the meet was at Ellerston Gap this morning, and—here is your old pink frock; put it on, Polly! you can't help looking bonnie in your pink."

"Must I? It was my last summer's best. It is too smart a color for me, now that I am a governess, but Jane said I might wear it out of evenings in the school-room. I have a new brown French merino for Sundays, and this old violet I travelled in for every day; and Jane gave me a new white muslin—not that there is any chance of my wanting such a thing, but she would insist on my having it—and white satin ribbon. I can wear all white, you know. Do you think it is prettily made, Maggie?"

"Oh, you sweet little witch, its beautiful, and you'll be a fairy in it! You shall wear it to-night, and everybody shall fall in love with you!" cried Maggie. But Polly with intense decision folded it up, and said that, indeed, she was not going to make a show of herself, not even to please her stupid old jewel of a Maggie.

"You never had any sense of the fitness of things, you precious old dear," said she. "Picture me in white muslin and all the rest of you in thick dresses,—this is only for a party or a concert you know. I had better put on my new brown merino."

"I won't have you in brown—brown has nothing to do with my wee little rosy daisy," cried Maggie, and grown suddenly impatient of Polly's grave airs, she seized her, shook her, kissed her, never deranging her dignity, however, a hair's-breadth. Polly tolerated her caressing patiently and sweetly, it was Maggie's way; and, when there was nobody to see, she did not object to her petting and spoiling—it pleased Maggie, and did not hurt her—so she said with her admirable coolness, which Maggie was much too humble and adoring ever to resent.

Finally, Polly was arrayed in the pink dress with tucker and cuffs of fine lace, and her glossy brown hair tied round with a pink ribbon—as dainty a little lady as had ever stepped down the stairs of Blackthorn Grange in all the three hundred years since it had been built. It was a farm-house which the Livingstones had tenanted for three generations, but the old beauty of it, with its walled garden and mossy orchard, was still cherished, and the Livingstones, by virtue of descent, connection, and a small entailed estate in the family, ranked with the minor gentry and the clergy of their neighborhood. Polly, as she tripped along the hall, said she liked the house, and if she was Maggie, she should feel quite romantic, and proud of living in such a fine ancient place.

The parlor door was ajar, and Mrs. Livingstone overheard the cheerful young voice expressing a sentiment that pleased her. She held out a hand to welcome Polly again, and said, "So I thought when I arrived here after my marriage."

"The window on the stairs was a picture as we went up, with the moon rising and the red bars of sunset behind the great bare trees in the garden; what time of the year did you come?" said Polly, whose sympathy was very quick.

"It was a September evening and the sky all aglow with scarlet and fire. I remember resting in that window-seat, my first rest in my new home; there was a fir-tree standing then that is gone now; but you are cold, child; sit here on this low stool and get warmed. Maggie, you should not have kept her up stairs so long to starve her."

"I never felt the cold until I saw the fire," said Polly, pleasantly, and deposited herself in the corner between Mrs. Livingstone and the fender, on the low stool, as she was bidden, and then looked calmly about at the room and its occupants.

It was a large room, low, and with the beams of the ceiling visible; the wide window was crimson curtained, and all the furniture was old and substantial, but there was neither decoration nor taste anywhere. The three sisters had not an ounce of taste amongst them, and when lilacs, gilliflowers, and roses were over in the garden, the big china bowl on the centre-table stood empty, or served as a receptacle for waifs and strays escaped from careless hands and pockets. The sisters were in perfect accord with their unadorned surroundings; large, honest, healthy young women, with a good and well-grounded opinion of themselves, and Maggie with just glimmering enough of sentiment besides to feel the charm of a friend like Polly, who was instinct with life and spirit, and a perfect contrast to herself. The inclination to protect and caress her little guest had evidently taken hold of Mrs. Livingstone, as it did of so many other warm-hearted people; for twice or thrice, as Polly sat toasting in her corner, the house-mother took up one of her small hands and chafed it gently between her own, and Polly looked at her as she never had occasion to look at her own poor shrewish mother at home. Polly loved her mother, but mothers lose a great deal who keep their children at a distance: so thought Polly thus introduced into the bosom of a family, all the members of which were fond of each other, and not afraid to show it.

They were talking rather noisily and several of them together, when there was a bustle in the hall, a loud voice, a loud step, and then the opening of the door, at which appeared a tall young man in a scarlet coat and velvet cap, who asked: "Well, hasn't she come?" not seeing the little figure in the corner half hidden by his mother.

"Yes!" cried Maggie, "she is here; stand up, Polly, and say how d'ye do to Bob!"

Polly rose with extreme circumspection, and executed the frigid manœuvre that she had been laboriously instructed to perform when a gentleman was introduced, only she blushed with it, which was not in the dancing-school order. Bob brought his spurred heels together with a click, and imitated the bow preposterously—the blush was beyond him; but Polly's eyes were downcast, and she was spared the anguish of seeing her grave airs made fun of by this disrespectful person, whose mother admonished him to go away and make haste for dinner, it was late. Bob obeyed, with a comical grimace at Maggie, which she replied to with a half-laugh—rude, very rude; but there was something about that queer little Polly, turned precision, that provoked it, and her utter unconsciousness of the effect she produced increased the humor of the joke.

When Bob came back to the parlor the servant was just announcing dinner, and the young man stepped briskly across the room to Polly, and, bending unnecessarily low, offered her his arm with an exaggerated affectation of courtesy that wakened Maggie's alarm and made her long to box his ears. But Polly took it with beautiful serenity, and kept step with him composedly until he placed her by himself at table in the full light of the lamp—the loveliest little thing that had ever sat there since he was master, as he thought, glancing down at her with more serious approval. And it was capital to hear her talk. How he had expected to hear her talk, goodness knows; but when she used the right words about a fox-hunt, and asked if they had had a good run to-day, and if he was in at the death, and who won the brush, it is impossible to say whether he was most amazed or enchanted by her wonderful cleverness—all the more wonderful in a creature so bewilderingly pretty and sweet.

She was new, too, quite new. Bob had never seen anybody in the least like her. Girls usually pretended to be shy of him, partly from liking and a desire to attract, and partly from the reputation he had of being wild. Polly knew nothing about wildness. His mother and sisters adored him, the maid-servant smiled when he spoke, the dogs lay at his feet and were happy. He was no beauty, but he was a fine manly young fellow, and very popular in his neighborhood. To Polly he seemed a rather mature person—he was not far from thirty—and, after the first blush, the sense of her highly responsible position came to her aid, and re-established her in perfect calm. It was delicious to Bob to be looked innocently in the face by those soft, brown eyes, and talked to without any sham airs and graces. A strain of jocular compliment was all that was usually required of him when he had a pretty girl at his elbow; but Polly was as good as a lesson in manners; she did not expect compliments, and he had the wit to see she would not like them. So he adopted her tone of conversation with seriousness, only relapsing into his original frame of mind twice or thrice for a moment, when her assumption of sageness and duty became too much for his sense of the ridiculous.

The formality and propriety of the party held out through dinner, but the instant Maggie got Polly into the parlor, she seized her by the waist and whirled her round in a waltz.

"Don't, Maggie," said Polly, but entered into the spirit of it all the same; and more, when Fanny, good-naturedly opened the piano, and offered to play for them, the music brought Bob, who composed himself in his arm-chair, and looked on, until Maggie popped her partner down breathless on the sofa and herself by her.

"That will do; what a dust you have made!" said he, and Polly started and felt abashed at her inappropriate behavior. Yet a few minutes after Bob was making a dust himself, and learning the new step of Polly, which he knew perfectly; if his sisters had not worshipped him with fear, they would have told her that he was only doing it to tease her and amuse himself. He managed to be most skillfully stupid; a dozen times, at least, did Polly "put his feet in the way of it," as she said, and a dozen times did he fail to do it correctly. He suggested that perhaps, if he did it with her, he might succeed in keeping time; but Polly said,

"No, let him try it with Maggie, she was a better height for him." He, however, did it worst of all with Maggie, and Polly, for the honor of her teaching was prevailed on to take him in hand herself.

"But I don't expect you will be able to do it," said she, despairingly.

Fanny at the piano glanced over her shoulder, laughing; and even Mrs. Livingstone watched with an amused smile while Bob redeemed his character. He knew how to hold his partner at all events, Polly thought at the start, and it was astonishing how fast he improved with her to keep him in step. In fact, he caught it up directly, though, when Polly wished him to try it again with

Maggie, his awkwardness was, if possible, more conspicuous than before.

"This is very discouraging; of course I don't mean that you can help it," said Polly, in the most admirable tone of a patient teacher dealing with a dull but willing pupil.

The inconvenient Maggie burst out in a long-suppressed merry peal of laughter:

"Oh you dear little comical darling, Bob is only making fun; he can dance as well as any of us!" cried she.

Polly gazed up for half a minute with blank dismay at Bob, then joined in the laugh against herself, and said—

"If you are that sort of person, I shall take care how I give you a dancing-lesson again!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAUGHT IN A TUNNEL.

Some years ago, I was stationed in one of our chief manufacturing towns as superintendent in the office of a certain telegraph company. This office contained the smallest amount of space in which it was possible to carry on the work. The greater portion of it was dedicated to the public; and all that remained for an instrument-room was a little alice cut off from the main office by a wooden partition. In this den, about a dozen of us were doomed to spend the best part of every day in an atmosphere vitiated by the gas which was kept continually burning. Underneath this office was a sort of infernal region, into which our messengers descended until they were wanted, and in which were our batteries. These batteries were under the charge of our linesman—a man who deserves a special word of description.

Jacob Voosh was his name, and he was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a shock head of red hair, and a closely-cut and fiery beard. Judging from a long intercourse with him, I should say that his chief characteristics were a love of his trade, a detestation of telegraph clerks in general, and an inordinate fondness for bitter ale. Of these peculiarities, the last was decidedly the most prominent, and sometimes influenced the other two. When, after a long sitting—and it took a good deal to affect him—his favorite liquor reached his head, it effectually banished all considerations of work until sober moments should arrive, and roused his rancor against the office clerks until it found vent in the most uncomplimentary terms. He had originally been a carpenter, but had by some means picked up a store of information about telegraph instruments, and had drifted into the post of linesman in our company. His duties were multifarious, for he was considered responsible for the efficient working of all the apparatus. But upon the whole, the job was an easy one, and frequently a slight inspection in the morning, and an evening call, to see that all was right, constituted his entire day's work. The lengthy interval between morning and evening Jacob religiously spent in a dingy little public-house near the office, where he was within reach in case of an emergency, and where the tap was exceptionally good. Occasionally emergencies did occur. Lightning magnetized all the instruments, and made them for the time useless, or a storm blew down a score of posts, and broke the wires. Then Jacob Voosh showed himself equal to the catastrophe. He hired subordinates, he slaved day and night, he toiled like a Hercules; and then, when he had set everything right, he returned to his corner in the public-house to compensate his exertions by increased draughts of foaming ale. I have said that he was fond of his work; but there was one part of it he did not like. One of the northern railway companies allowed us to carry our wires a certain distance along their posts, and we, in return, agreed to keep their telegraphic communication perfect. This duty, of course, fell to the lot of Jacob; but his experience of railway officials was such that he would rather do anything than encounter them, and invariably returned with a brighter face than he had worn when he started on some of his expeditions along the line. Railway men, from porters to managers, shared his vocabulary of vituperation with telegraph clerks; and silver-laced uniforms of the Northshire Railway Company roused him as a red rag does a mad bull. "An ill-conditioned, drunken fellow," you say. Exactly so; but a good workman, and one that suited us.

One August evening, this worthy presented himself before me in a state of beery excitement, and having been informed that there was no need for his services, departed evidently bent on a debauch. He had scarcely gone when one of our wires ceased working; but as the day's business was done, and we had another wire communicating with the same station, I did not think it worth while to send after him, but left him to find out the fault in the morning. One by one, the clerks took down their hats and departed, and the men on night-duty having come, I locked my desk, and was preparing to go home, when one of the counter clerks informed me that a gentleman wanted me. This gentleman was a clerk from the office of the railway company, to inform me that their tunnel wire had ceased working; that the traffic was in consequence stopped, and that the matter must be seen to at once. I promised to attend to it immediately, and he went away, saying as he left the office: "Don't lose a minute, for the six o'clock south mail is waiting in the station, and cannot get away."

Snatching up my hat, I ran with all speed to the dingy public-house which Jacob Voosh made his head-quarters; and there sure enough I found him in the middle of a group of his cronies, bawling forth a drinking-song, and waving a pint-pot above his head, in tipsy illustration of his lay.

"Come, come," I said, "this won't do, Jacob. The railway tunnel wire has broken, and you must go at once and mend it."

Jacob Voosh put down his pewter, stretched out his legs, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and with great deliberation answered: "Blest if I do. Shan't shtir this night."

"Nonsense," I replied crustily and authoritatively. "It must be done, and you must do it. So come along."

"I tell you," retorted Jacob with greater gravity and emphasis than before, "I shan't go. It's after working-hours. If it had been any of our wires, I'd have gone; but that infernal railway company is always breaking somethin'; and up their dirty, dangerous tunnel I don't go to-night. You can tell them that from me, if you like."

I did not insist further, for I saw that the man was more than half drunk, and perfectly incapable of doing the work required. So instead of sending the railway company his message, I prepared to go myself. Having donned an old coat, and seized the few tools I thought necessary, I set out for the station.

I was in no very good-humor as I traversed the few streets which separated me from the terminus. I had been looking forward to a quiet walk in the evening, and was annoyed at losing it; I was disgusted at Jacob Voosh for getting drunk, and I was provoked at having to do disagreeable work. The tunnel was, as Jacob had said, both dirty and dangerous, and was as nasty a piece of excavation as ever had been planned and completed by human ingenuity. It was situated close to the station, and my acquaintance with it had hitherto been confined to contemplating it from the platforms, or passing through it in the trains, and I was not at all gratified by the prospect of penetrating it on foot. Had it been an ordinary, level, respectable tunnel, such as we are accustomed to now-a-days, I should not have cared; but it was an antique affair of enormous length, and was constructed upon a steep incline; so that it was necessary to raise and lower trains through it by means of endless wire ropes worked by a stationary engine at the other end. Hence the necessity for perfect telegraphic communication between the station and the engine-house, and hence the anxiety to have the broken wire mended at once.

When I got to the terminus, the station-master was extremely glad to see me, and handing me a lamp, started me on my solitary way. I thought at the time that he might have sent some one to accompany me; but as he did not volunteer any such escort, I proceeded alone.

The further I went, the less I liked it. For the first hundred yards or so, while the daylight lasted, it was endurable; but as the tunnel curved away into the earth, and the little ring of light at the entrance was no longer discernible, a dreadful feeling of loneliness and a sort of buried-alive sensation crept over me. I wished that I had never undertaken the task, but since I had done so, I determined to accomplish it. The lamp which I carried gave me barely sufficient light to see my way, for the dull-colored earth and the sooty roof and walls of the tunnel drank in its feeble rays. Still I plodded on, following the shining rails and the rusty wire ropes, and every now and then stopping to test the tunnel-wire, only to find the communication perfect. At last, after a long and weary tramp, a pale glimmer of sunlight appeared in the distance, and I hurried on towards it, fancying that I had reached the other end, and that there was no break in the tunnel-wire after all. I soon reached the speck of daylight, and found myself, not in the outer world, but at the bottom of a ventilating shaft. This shaft was neither more nor less than a huge chimney to permit the escape of the smoke and steam which gathered in the tunnel; but it had a visible connection with the world above-ground, and I was glad to see the bright autumn sky at the top once more. For a minute or two I stood gazing at the begrimed walls, down which the setting sunbeams struggled, and then once more plunged into the darkness.

Now the way became more hideous and difficult than before. The soil above seemed to be damp, and water oozed drippingly through the brick roof, and ran in great sooty streaks into putrid side-drains. These drains sent forth a nauseous smell, and swarmed with bloated water-rats, which scampered into their holes as I approached the walls, and peered out at me as I applied my testing apparatus to the telegraph wires. The loathsome brutes, used to the thundering rush of locomotives, treated me with contemptuous curiosity. A damp and chilly wind blew through the tunnel, and to add to my troubles, the permanent way was under repair. The shingle had been thrown out from between the sleepers, and lay in loose heaps in the six-foot space, rendering walking difficult and slow. Still I plodded on, and at length found what I had so long and diligently sought.

The obstruction was as simple as could well be conceived, and needed no complicated doctoring. Some one of the platelayers, more ignorant than the rest, had, for convenience, hung his pickaxe upon two of the telegraph wires, and when his day's work was done, had gone home, leaving them pressed together, and consequently useless. I removed the pickaxe, straightened out the wires, and began to retrace my steps. I had not gone very far, when, on putting my hand by chance into my pocket, I discovered to my great delight that it contained my pipe and tobacco-pouch. "Now," thought I, "I shall not be suffocated by the stench of these abominable drains." I filled the pipe, and ransacked my pockets for a vesuvian, but in vain. Still, I had the lamp, and, opening the door of it, in a couple of puffs, had the tobacco in a glow. Just as I was about to close it again, a gust of the raw, cold wind came, put out the light, and left me alone in the darkness.

For a moment I was stupefied, but not alarmed. I felt that I had got into a nasty scrape, and must get out of it as quickly as possible. That was all. So still swinging the dark lamp in my hand, and smoking my pipe, I resumed my journey stationwards. For the first few paces I clambered easily over the shingle, but by-and-by, as it became looser, I stumbled, and at last straying from the path, fell heavily among the exposed sleepers. My fall stunned me a little, but did not dishearten me. I made up my mind to try again, and try again I did in every way that human ingenuity could devise. I attempted to step from sleeper to sleeper, but only to slip between them. I endeavored to walk along the up-line which was not being repaired, but the ropes tripped me and threw me down. I stepped over the rope, and essayed to guide myself by the wall, but I splashed into the loathsome drain at its foot. And, as a last expedient, I again resorted to the loose earth in the six-foot space, only to lose my footing as before. Finding at last that I could make nothing of it, I sat down among the pebbles, resolved to await patiently the coming of the rescue-party, which I felt sure would be despatched when my prolonged absence became alarming.

A sickening wretched loneliness crept over me, sometimes leaving me for a little while, and then returning with redoubled power. I tried to drive it away and be hopeful; but as I mechanically puffed at my pipe, a series of ghostly figures possessed my imagination in spite of myself. I saw my two night-clerks swiftly writing as the instruments clicked off the messages. I beheld Jacob Voosh in the dingy public-house quaffing foaming draughts from his pewter, and rapidly advancing towards senseless drunkenness; I pictured my father reading and resting by his great country fireside after the labors of the day, and I followed my paunchy landlady as she moved about grumbling at my delay. But I was only interested in them in as far as they were connected with myself. Danger had made my thoughts selfish, and as I fancied them at their ordinary occupation, my constantly recurring thought was: "How surprised and anxious they would be if they knew that I am sitting in the dark on the damp earth in the middle of the Northshire Railway Company's tunnel!" Then my brain conjured up another set of phantoms. I beheld the station platform, on which the officials paced up and down wondering at my stay. I saw the south mail standing in the station—the steam hissing from the engine, the men waiting for the signal to start, and the passengers thrusting their heads out of the windows and grumbling at their detention. I watched the gathering of the search-party, I contemplated it as it set out, and I almost fancied that I heard the shouts of the men as they travelled the road I had already come—when a sound broke upon me which filled me with an awful fear.

Slowly at first, and then more quickly, the wire ropes began to run over the grooved guiding-wheels, and as I heard them clang in their narrow sockets, I know that I had been forgotten, and that the traffic was resumed. Instinctively I turned to flee—but where? This horrible tunnel, which seemed likely to be my grave, had, none of the little retreats so common in those of modern days, or if it had I had not noticed them, and could never find them by groping in darkness. Were I to move in search of a refuge I would most likely be caught and killed by the rusty rope which was rushing over the wheels with the speed of the wind. My one poor chance of safety consisted in remaining where I was until the train passed, and then making my way forward when the tunnel should again be empty. So I sat down to wait.

Brought to a sore extremity by the debauchery of a drunken fool—alone in the darkness with Death, while the young blood was coursing through the veins and life was sweet—would you not have cursed the cause of your misfortune, and prayed to be saved from such an awful fate? I madly did both, heedless of the contradiction between them. But the danger was drawing near, and I braced myself up to meet it. I had heard railway men say that the safer plan was to turn the face and not the back to a passing train; so I now eagerly peered into the darkness to discern the first approach of the coming peril. Far in the gloom through which I had come I thought I saw a speck of light, but fancied myself mistaken, when on turning my head the other way I beheld a bright and increasing light in the distance. Once more I looked stationwards, and found to my horror that I had not deceived myself, for the light in that direction had grown full and clear.

A train was coming either way, and all hope left me. I sprang to my feet, but I had no expectation that I should be saved, and for a moment thought of throwing myself before the wheels and ending all. Already I seemed to feel myself caught by the buffers or dashed to death by some projecting lamp-iron, and with the calmness of despair awaited my fate. How slowly it came, though it travelled like lightning! And what a tide of remembrances of home and loved ones, and the sweetness of life, rushed through my brain, as I stood on that heap of earth! But it was not for long. The lights seemed suddenly to spring forward. I saw the dark outlines of the engines lighted up by their glowing fire-boxes, and the glare from their furnaces. Instinctively I pressed my feet firmly into the shingle, closed my eyes, drew my breath as if to make myself smaller, and uttered a cry of prayer for strength and aid. There was a thunder in my ears, a shaking of the earth, and a hissing chaos all around me. I felt myself swaying from side to side, and in a moment more fell heavily. But as I fell I was safe, and red lights were hastening from me either way into the steamy gloom.

Then I suppose I must have fainted, for I next remember lying at the foot of the heap of earth with my cheek pressed on the cold rail. All was dark and quiet. The rope had ceased to move, and a delicious sense of thankfulness and hope crept over me. I knew that the stillness could not last long; so hastening to avail myself of it, I rose and crept forward as quickly as my bruised limbs would allow. I had travelled, as nearly as I could guess, about a hundred yards, when again the rope began to move, and I stood and waited. But this time I had not the same chilling fear, for I thought it unlikely that two trains would again pass me at the same time, and the danger I had escaped made me confident. Once more the distant light appeared and grew in size; but now there was no light in the opposite direction, and I crept down to the edge of the safe rails, and watched the engine dropping cinders, and the brightly-lit carriages as they approached, dashed past, and disappeared. When they were gone, I suddenly recollected my testing instrument, and remembered the use it might have been to me; but in my groping I had dropped it, and now only held the dark lamp. Still grasping it, I pushed forward.

How long I played at this game of hide-and-seek with Death I cannot tell. Train after train came from the blocked-up lines above and from the station below; and as each approached, I slid down to the opposite rails, and watched it until it had vanished. Then I resumed my weary, weary walk.

At last, the sickly daylight at the bottom of the ventilating shaft came into view. As I had come, I had been glad to see this place; but now I hailed it as a haven of rest and safety. The light was dim, but it was daylight which I had never hoped to see again. The walls were damp and dirty; but they were far from rail and ropes, and near them I could be secure.

Again the wheels were clanging in their sockets, as the ropes sped over them; but now that I could see I sprang over both, and leaned myself against the sooty wall. In a minute or two, a heavy train shot out into the light, and then again plunged into the tunnel. After that, there was a long pause. I expected that the ropes would begin to run again, but they never stirred. But although they were still, I heard the heavy panting of an engine slowly laboring up the incline, and making the arched roof echo. At length it crept out of the gloom, and stopped before me. I was saved!

Eager faces were looking over the side, and ere the wheels had ceased to revolve, the burly station-master sprang to the ground. I smiled as best I could, and tried to rise, but my bruises had become stiff, and I found it impossible.

"Don't stir, sir," exclaimed the station-master. "For God's sake, don't stir!"

Then he lifted me up on his arms, and turned to the stoker.

"Bill, knock the head off that bottle of brandy, and give me some of it in your tin."

Bill did as he was bid, and the generous liquor quickly brought back my stagnating energies. Refreshed and strengthened, I was able to use my limbs somewhat, so that with the aid of my rescuers I was soon seated on the footplate of the engine. As we moved off, I heard the station-master begin to tell me why I had been lost, and how I came to be found.

He had waited for me until he imagined I must either have left the tunnel by the upper end, or have gone home through the station unperceived. Then he had despatched his long-delayed mail, and had thought no more about me, until the guard of the last down-train had told him that there was a ghastly man at the ventilating shaft. In a moment, the true state of the case flashed upon him. He ran to the refreshment-room, got a bottle of brandy, unhooked the engine from a train ready to start, and came in search of me.

I heard him say all this, and in a sort of way understood him; but my thoughts were busy, and as his voice was drowned in the rattle of the wheels, I buried my face in my hands, and poured out my whole soul in thanksgiving.

When we reached the station, the cabmen and porters gave me a lusty cheer; and the folks in the train stared at the scared-looking man who was the object of their welcome. Many willing hands helped me to descend, and supported me to a cab, in which I was sent home under the charge of a ticket-collector, who presented me tattered and dirty, bruised and bleeding, to the gaze of my astonished landlady, as the August sun was setting.

Jacob Voosh was very penitent when he heard the story, and showed his penitence by being moderate in his libations for at least a whole week; but I made a vow that I would never become an amateur linesman, and I have kept it. A sound sleep, and a little subsequent nursing, soon restored me to my usual health and serenity of nerve; but to this day, I keep as far as I can from trains in motion, and have a horror of tunnels.

What Indian Hunters say about the Red Men; How they are Swindled by Government Officials; Their Food, Treatment, and Condition—Testimony of Gen. Pope, Kit Carson, Col. Bent, and others.

Mr. Vincent Colyer, Secretary of the Indian Commission, has presented a report containing the testimony of General Pope, Col. Kit Carson, and several other well known Indian hunters, who have had every facility for studying Indian habits and character. We give a few extracts:—

Col. Bent says: Having been living in Colorado Territory for the last thirty-six years at Old Fort, I have had considerable experience in Indian affairs. Since I have been there nearly every instance of difficulties between the Indians and the whites arose from aggressions on the Indians by the whites.

Col. Kit Carson says: I have heard read the statement of Col. Bent, and his suggestions and opinions in relation to Indian affairs coincide perfectly with my own. I came to this country in 1826, and since that time have become well acquainted with the Indian tribes, both in peace and at war. I think, as a general thing, the difficulties arise from aggressions on the part of the whites. From what I have heard, the whites are always cursing the Indians, and are not willing to do them justice. In relation to the war with the Cheyennes, I have heard it publicly stated that the authorities of Colorado, expecting their troops would be sent to the Potomac, determined to get up an Indian war, so that the troops would be compelled to remain. I know of no acts of hostility on the part of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes committed previous to the attacks made upon them. I know all the chiefs and a great many of the braves; I know them to be kind-hearted. I know there are bad men among them; but I know the Cheyennes so well, that I am satisfied they can rule those bad men, and there is no necessity for this war. If the soldiers are stopped from hunting the Indians, I will guarantee peace in thirty days, and I will not ask $50,000 to do it with. They want to know that their Great Father will protect them. They want some men that they have confidence in to say that they shall be righted. They never came to me with a complaint that I did not right if possible.

Mr. Wolf, of Colorado, says: That he has known Government officers when on an Indian expedition, to stop pursuit, and send back ambulances under escort to the Fort, for ice to cool their champagne with.

Samuel C. Haynes, Assistant Surgeon of the 6th Regiment Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, says: The Winnebago and Santee Indians were fed as follows, at the Crow Creek Agency in 1864:—A large vat was constructed of cotton-wood lumber, about six feet square and six feet deep, in connection with the steam saw-mill, with a pipe leading from the boiler into the vat. Into the vat was thrown beef, beef heads, entrails of the beeves, some beans, flour and pork. I think two barrels of flour were put into the vat each time, which was not oftener than once in twenty-four hours. This mass was then cooked by the steam from the boiler. It was dipped out to the Indians with a long-handled dipper made for the purpose. I cannot say the quantity given to each. It was of about the consistency of very thin gruel. The Indians would pour off the thinner portion and eat that which settled at the bottom. I was often there when it was being issued, and it had a very offensive odor; it had the odor of the contents of the entrails of the beeves. I have seen the settlings of the vat after they were through issuing it to the Indians, and it smelt like carrion—like decomposed meat. Some of the Indians refused to eat it, saying they could not, it made them sick—that it was only fit for hogs, and that they were not hogs. The quantity of food issued them per day did not exceed eight ounces per head—man, woman, and child.

Joseph A. Hansell, of Company K 6th Iowa Cavalry, says: I am a soldier in Company K 6th Iowa Cavalry; from some time in October, 1863, to May, 1864, I was stationed at Crow Creek Agency. I know of the Indians eating wolves that had been poisoned by the soldiers. I also know of their eating mules that had died with the glanders; and they picked up and ate the corn scattered about where we fed our horses. I smelt the odor arising from the vat, as described by Dr. Haynes in his deposition. The entrails, head and feet were thrown into the vat. The flour was third-rate, and very poor at that. I think they had no sugar or coffee, and no vegetables excepting a few beans.

Senator Nesmith says: Another great cause of complaint is the worthless quality of the goods which are bought in the Atlantic states, and sent out for distribution among the Indians. The contractors are guilty of the most outrageous and systematic *swindling* and *robbery*. There is evidence also, that the persons employed in the department to make the purchases are accomplices in these crimes. The prices charged were from 50 to 100 per cent. above the market value of good articles. They are, as a general thing, worthless and deficient in quantity. Among them were "steel spades," made of sheet-iron; "chopping-axes," which were purely cast-iron; "best brogans," with paper soles; "blankets," made of shoddy and glue, which came to shreds the first time they were wet, &c., &c., &c. These villainous purchases are generally sent by the most expensive means of transportation, and a small proportion is received by the Indians. The purchases of 1864 were all shipped via Cape Horn and San Francisco to Salem. Salem was the proper destination of no part of the goods. The absurdity of shipping goods bound for Warm Springs or Umatilla, up the Willamette River to Salem, thence down the river to Portland again, toward their final destination! They have been transported from San Francisco at a cost of about $75 per ton, and now the most economical way to get them to their destination, Siletz, will probably be to ship them back to San Francisco again at like cost, and thence direct to Siletz at a cost of $16 per ton. The only other alternative is to transport them on pack-mules from Salem to Siletz, which probably will not cost less than $100 per ton.

Agent Wilbur, in charge of the Yankee reservation, in a report upon this subject, says: The goods furnished from the Atlantic states have been of an inferior quality, often damaged, and short in quantity. I think, in justice, that the Government owes the Indians of this agency over $20,000 for deficiency in quality and quantity of goods purchased and previously distributed to the Indians of the Yakama nation.

Col. Jessie H. Leavenworth of the 2nd Colorado Volunteers, says: There is a band of refugee Indians called the Caddoes, who, when the Rebellion broke out, were driven from Fort Cobb up north, and came in almost to Fort Lyon. They were loyal; they were half-civilized; they lived in houses; and a better set of men I never met in my life—well disposed, kind hearted. They are like the Pueblos of Mexico. They were more than half-civilized. Their women dressed in long dress, the same as our American women do. They make good bread. Everything was neat and clean about them. They lived at Fort Larned."

Gen. Pope, speaking of Christian Mission work, says: The Christian missionaries and instructors have never had a fair opportunity, for reasons set forth in the printed letters and reports. I have no doubt if proper persons (and by proper persons I mean those who would be honest and not try to defraud the Indians or the Government, and they should be made acquainted with the Indian character,) were appointed agents, and if officers from the regular army, with troops from the same, were stationed at the posts near the Indians, I think there would be no difficulty. Most of the Comanches, I think, are friendly disposed. I think if proper men were appointed and proper steps taken, peace would be had with all the Indians on and below the Arkansas, without war. I believe that, if Col. Bent and myself were authorized, we could make a solid, lasting peace with those Indians. I have more confidence in the influence of Col. Bent with the Indians than in my own.

☞ The Indian Peace Commissioners found the Navajo Indians on the brink of starvation, although the Government pays from $500,000 to $700,000 annually to feed them. But it seems that the contract for supplying rations was let to Mr. Perry Fuller, and he, after shaving it to the extent of 42 per cent., sub-let it to other persons.—*New York Tribune.*

☞ Smoking is considered by many physicians, as one of the causes of excess in the use of intoxicating liquors. In proof of this statement is given the following list of patients in insane asylums under treatment for "confirmed inebriation resulting in insanity," who preceded the use of whiskey by tobacco smoking: Bloomingdale, 87 out of 100; Flatbush, 49 out of 64; Trenton, 48 out of 56; Columbus, Ohio, 62 out of 74.

☞ We read again in the papers a call for a convention of "workingmen." Who are workingmen? Are they the clerks who labor fourteen hours per day, or the masons, who insist upon not a minute over eight hours? Are they the writers on newspapers whose work is never done, or the plasterers, who begin at eight and stop at five? Are they the farm laborers, up before daylight and not done till after dark; or the bricklayers and carpenters, who think ten hours too long a day?

☞ Jennie Burckhart died in Chicago on Wednesday from swallowing the point of a needle, which broke off while she was picking her teeth with it.

☞ A woman may be the friend of a man she does not love, but she is always the enemy of a man she loves no longer.

☞ Two silver dollars, of the coinage of 1804, were lately sold at Newark, N. J.; one of them for $460, and the other for the enormous sum of $884! There were only five dollars coined that year.

☞ A truly legal decision has just been given by a French judge. A gentleman was seen to come out of a river on horseback where a notice was posted that it was illegal to enter the river. The judge decided that as the law forbade entering the river, and as no one had seen the gentleman enter it, the suit was dismissed.

☞ The name of the infant daughter of the Emperor of Austria is Mathilde Amalie Valerie—a wonder of brevity for an imperial baby.

☞ Fanny Fern having said that "the men of the present day were fast," Prentice replies that "they have to be, to catch the women."

☞ Call a lady a "chicken," and ten to one she will be angry with you. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she will be more angry still.

☞ People who travel in cannibal countries are apt to be turned into Indian meal.

☞ The principal difference between a luxury and a necessary is the price.

☞ We often censure the conduct of others, when under the same circumstances, we might not have acted half so well.

☞ Every man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might still endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society, remembering that an insect furnishes by its labor materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

☞ A charity scholar, under examination in the Psalms, being asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" replied, "Please, sir, bed-bugs."

In Love.

Berlin gossip makes Bancroft in love with one of Meyerbeer's daughters, and tells a story of this sort: The other day he was taking a walk with her and the other ladies in Thiergarten, when a lady and two cavaliers, all mounted on splendid horses, passed them at the full gallop. "How magnificent that looks," exclaimed Miss Meyerbeer; "how I envy that lady on being so good a horsewoman." "Why do not you ride on horseback, Miss Meyerbeer?" asked Bancroft. "Because I have nobody to ride with me, and a lady, you know, cannot take rides without a cavalier." "I shall learn to ride," said Bancroft, "and in four weeks you shall have a cavalier." Bancroft kept his word. Despite his sixty years, he took riding-lessons, and on the first of May, he and Cecilia Meyerbeer were seen on horseback in the Thiergarten.

☞ A sea captain, trading regularly to the African coast, was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday!" he replied, "yes, and every other darned thing they can lay their hands on."

☞ A new parlor toy is a magnetic fish cut from strips of paper and colored in imitation of nature. If the palm of the hand be moistened and the fish placed thereon, it writhes in various ways, though invariably following the pulsation of the wrist.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6 cts ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 13,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

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Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?
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Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?
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Question. Why do Wanamaker & Brown have the BEST assortment?
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Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
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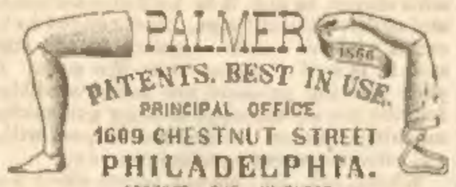

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Flushing of the body,
Eruptions on the face,
Pallid countenance.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine invariably removes, soon follow

FATUITY, EPILEPTIC FITS,

in one of which the patient may expire.

Who can say that they are not frequently followed by those "direful diseases."

INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION?

THE RECORDS OF THE INSANE ASYLUMS

and the melancholy deaths by Consumption bear ample witness to the truth of the assertion.

The constitution, once affected with

ORGANIC WEAKNESS,

requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which

Helmbold's Extract Buchu

INVARIABLY DOES

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THE MOST SKEPTICAL.

In many affections peculiar to females

THE EXTRACT BUCHU

is unequalled by any other remedy.

NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

Take no more Balsam, Mercury, or Unpleasant Medicine for Unpleasant and Dangerous Diseases.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
AND
IMPROVED ROSE WASH

CURE THESE DISEASES,

in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience, and no exposure.

Use Helmbold's Extract Buchu

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no matter of how low standing. Diseases of these organs require the aid of a Diuretic

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
IS THE GREAT DIURETIC,

and is certain to have the desired effect in all diseases for which it is recommended. *Evidence of the most responsible and reliable character will accompany the medicine.*

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I make no "secret of "ingredients."

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PREPARED IN VACUO,

By H. T. HELMBOLD,

Practical and Analytical Chemist, and Sole Manufacturer of

Helmbold's Genuine Preparation.

AFFIDAVIT.

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my16-eowly

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

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Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. jy6-1y

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

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Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

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Assets	$1,000,000
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Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 29 to 70 per cent.

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$10 TO $20 A DAY, SURE, and no money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago. je27-4t

CORNS BUNIONS, BAD NAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 206 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 60 c. and $1 20.

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$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 32 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey. my16-6m

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8,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell 10 NEW INVENTIONS, of great value to families; all pay great profits to agents. Send 4 stamps and get two books and a sample, gratis, and postage paid. EPHRAIM BROWN,
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ALL FOR $5.

One Piece Bleached Sheeting,
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And Descriptive Slips of SIXTY ARTICLES to sale at ONE DOLLAR each, will be sent to any person that will send us FIVE DOLLARS.

This beats all the

REVOLUTIONS IN TRADE

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We send DESCRIPTIVE SLIPS and a PRINTED SCHEDULE of Goods we have for sale at ONE DOLLAR EACH,

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We do not require any one to send us ten cents in advance (or $10 either) and then send a printed slip stating that the person can receive for one dollar a Toy Flute valued at $3, but really worth but 10 cents, or a Perfumed Glove Box worth but 25 cents.

We are no such trash in OUR DOLLAR SALE. Our circulars state fair and square the articles which will be sent for the money received.

Send us $5 and give us a trial, or be sure and send for a Circular before ordering elsewhere.

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jy4-4t No. 24 Friend St., Boston, Mass.

2,500,000 Customers in Four Years.

PATRONIZE THE BEST.

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No other concern has any show wherever our Agents are selling. Our motto, "Prompt and Reliable." Male and female agents wanted in city and country.

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Are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1864.) A patent pen fountain and a check describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cts.; 30 for $2; 60 for $4; 80 for $6; 100 for $10; sent by mail. Free presents to getter up, (worth 50 *per cent. more than those sent by any other concern.*) according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a circular.

N. B.—Our sale should NOT be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
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TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
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HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
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$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.

GOOD AGENTS wanted to introduce our new STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL ONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. my22-12t

GOLD! GOLD!

My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, thick and heavy or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Send all money in letters to M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. je27-4t

WONDERFUL!—HOW EITHER SEX may instantly gain the undying love of any person they choose. The single married, the married happy and WISE IN TIME. Simple, harmless and sure. Also, Journal of Love, Secret of Success. How to Get Rich, &c. All mailed free for 20 cents. 150,000 sold. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York. jy3-12t

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-17t

SPANISH CURLING CREAM—An exquisite pomade for Curling straight Hair into wavy ringlets or massive curls. *Warranted.* Mailed for 50. Address J. JENNISON, Box 5374 P. O., New York. je26-2m

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SARATOGA WATERS. COOLING, REFRESHING AND PLEASANT! CITRATE OF MAGNESIA. In 6 oz. bottles—in powder. This Magnesia is a mild purgative and aperient, very acceptable to the stomach for sick head-ache, sour or sick stomach, and all febrile cases. For sale by FRENCH RICHARDS & CO., and most druggists. Prepared by ARTHUR ROGERS, 193 Spring St., New York. my 9-3m

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my18-6m

EMPLOYMENT.—$15 to $30 a day guaranteed. Male or female agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars *free.* Address JAMES C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. ap4-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Rich Specimen of Oratory.

As a superior specimen of Legislative oratory, or "studied impropriety of speech," the following tribute to the memory of the late Colonel Yell, of Texas, delivered by a distinguished colleague from one of the border districts of that state, speaks for itself. For freedom and breadth of style it can hardly be surpassed:—

"Mr. Speaker—It becomes my melancholy duty to announce to the members of this yer body that Andrew Jackson Yell, of Yellville, a member of this house, is no more. He has fell a victim to the grim and destroying tyrant, Death, who yesterday evening put an end to his mortal career; and he now lies lifeless at the pleasant boarding-house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, where he and many other members of this yer House has boarded session after session—and where, throughout his lengthy and consequently protracted typhus fever he received every care and attention which that ar kind-hearted woman and her numerous and attentive help could bestow. But, alas! all her care and kindness was of no avail. Colonel Yell has gone from among us, and it has become my melancholy duty to offer the customary resolutions on this occasion, which I hev taken the opportunity to draft out last night, while settin' up with the body. It ain't with no or'nary fealin's of grief, Mr. Speaker, that I make this yer communication to this yer honorable body; for I knowed the deceased in particular, Mr. Speaker, and knowed him clean through, I might say, from Alpy to Izzard. There may be men mean enough to come forward, now he's gone from among us, and allude to his faults of kerricter—for, like all other men, he had his faults, and who ain't got 'em? There may be men in this yer body mean enough, I say, out of pure cussedness, to fetch up the failin's of the deceased, but I, at least, ain't a-goin' to be one of 'em. I know there was some things that might be norated agin him. He may hev ben slightly addicted to whiskey; but then, Mr. Speaker, there's others in this house that could drink him blind drunk afore breakfast, and they know it. He may hev been quick to use his shootin' tools, but then he never draw'd a weapon on a man if he wasn't mad! They may say he didn't pay his debts—*who in Texas does*, Mr. Speaker? And, agin, they may tell you that he frolicked *considerable*. Well, all I hev to say about *that* is, who in —— don't, Mr. Speaker? I put it to you, Sir, and to this august body to answer that p'int. Whoever in this House, at least, is without fault in this respect, let him, as the Scripter observes, be the first to shy a considerable-sized rock on to his memory, or words to that effect; I don't reck'lect the precise terms of the passage. Among his many virtoos, Mr. Speaker, our departed friend was a devoted admirer of that noble animal the hoss, conscientiously attendin' every race-track within forty miles of this yer place, and backin' his opinion onto oncertin events in the future to the extent of his ability, and sometimes beyond it, in the extensivest and most gentlemanly manner! He was also an active member of the Engine Company, and often good at fires. In short, he was a good citizen, an honest man, and a perfect gentleman. In his melancholy desease society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and a gloom is cast over our whole community, but more especially over the domestic circle of Mrs. Jones's boarding-house, where the eligible room which he occupied, and in which, I said before, he received every care and attention from that estimable lady, is now, alas! vacant for the balance of the season—"

"Mr. Speaker [a member of the Opposition here interrupts.] I rise to a p'int of order."

The Speaker requested Mr. Slaken to state his p'int.

"I want to know, Mr. Speaker, if it is in order for any member of this yer House, in his speech *onto the memory of a dead man, to sing in a bordin'-house, kep' by his aunt*, and furnished by himself, *on sheers?* It may be parlimentary and all right, but *I don't see it!*"

The Speaker, with a withering glance at Slaken, decided the p'int to be not well taken.

"Ah! this is too sollum a occasion, Mr. Speaker, for me to take notice of any sich impordence and side remarks as that air! I fully expected some infamous hyena would be out here to-day, howlin' round the grave of our departed friend, foamin' at the mouth, gnashing his toothless jaws, and droolin' out his ineffectual and impotent rage. With his hide covered all over with welts, all sore and disgustin' from the lash and the hot poker of terreuth, which his insolence has brought upon him pretty much every day durin' this session, he rolls over and over, and bites and tears and soils himself, till he becomes justly offensive to every eye in this House. I'll see that *his* goose is cooked for him hereafter, *suitable*, and that not on no melancholy occasion nuther. *To resume the deceased:* Whatever kin be said of him by friends or enimies, no man at least kin deny that he wasn't a patriot. Look back at his political record, Mr. Speaker, and see what's thar! for, as the poet Watts feelingly remarks, 'By their record shall ye know me.' Mr. Speaker, what is that record? Virtue is its own reward, Mr. Speaker; and no great action was ever done in the world but what the man that done it was barked and yelped after by somebody. But the deceased, intrenched in the galorious armor of patriotism, with his hand on this yer record, could look the Amerikin eagle proudly in the eye, and defy chain-lightning in any shape or from whatever quarter it might come; and when prostrate and emaciated, he died at last on his prostrate bed at the pleasant boardin'-house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, the thoughts of this 'ere armor, and of that ar record of his'n, come to his wounded sensibilities like a heavenly angel, and even Death himself *couldn't set him half a turn back!* I close this affecting duty, Mr. Speaker, by moving that a committee of this House be appointed to report these resolutions on the deceased, and to atend his funeral, and that Leonidas Blizard, of Athens, be the chairman of said committee; at the same time remarking that the gorgeous heavens has now opened to receive his mortal spirit, and that his earthly remains will be buried at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, *sharp*, from the pleasant boardin'-house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, where, under the late rulin' of the Speaker, I deem it *eminently* proper for me to remark, and I do it emphatic (no matter *whose* corns is trod on,) that the eligible room which he occupied is now unfortunately vacant, and will doubtless be let to any other member of this House, very reasonable, for the balance of the ensuing season. *Peace be to his ashes!*"

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

NEPHEW (who knows his relative's peculiarities).—"This won't do for you, uncle; it's a smoking carriage!"

UNCLE (horrid crabbed old bachelor).—"Ugh! At any rate it'll be safe from women and children!!"

A Fooer.

On one occasion as the Rev. Matthew Wilkes, a celebrated London preacher was on his way to a meeting of ministers, he got caught in a shower in the place called Billingsgate, where there were a large number of women dealing in fish, who were using most profane and vulgar language. As he stopped under a shed in the midst of them, he felt called upon to give at least his testimony against their wickedness.

"Don't you think," said he, speaking with the greatest deliberation and solemnity, "I shall appear as a swift witness against you in the day of judgment?"

"I presume so," said one, "for the biggest rogue always turns state's evidence."

Matthew, when he got to the meeting, related the incident.

"And what did you say in reply, Mr. Wilkes?" said one of the ministers present.

"What could I?" was the characteristic reply.

A Tough Case.

A little darkey was recently found sitting on the stoop of a fashionable house not far from Saratoga, crying pitifully. "What's de matter wid you?" asked a colored woman. "De matter's nuff—double trouble all ober de house. Fader am drunk—mudder hab gone home wid cloze—sis broke de looking-glass wid de broomstick—de baby got her eyes full of kyan pepper, and little Ned Anthony put de mustard on de hair for goose grease. I put salt in my tea for white sugar, and it makes me sea-sick. De dog licked Ned's face, and got his mouth full of mustard, and lies under de bed a howlin. De kitten got her head in de milk-pot, and I cut her head off to sabe de pitchur, and den I hab to break de pitchur to get de head out, and de way I'll get licked when mudder comes home for setting de bed afire, will be a sin."

A BAD REASON BETTER THAN NONE.—A man who had been for some time suspected of stealing sheep from his neighbors, was caught one morning in the very act of shouldering a famous fat specimen.

"Aha! we've caught you *at* it at last, have we? *You* are the man, after all, that kills our sheep."

"I killed *this* one," he answered, "any how; and I'll kill *any* man's sheep *that tries to bite me!*"

☞ Sam. ——, lived on the banks of the Delaware, and was a mighty hunter. He was plagued with a degenerate son, who manifested no predilection for his father's pursuits. One day Sam's patience gave out entirely, and he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his mortification: "Cuss me, Tom, if you're not gettin' perfectly worthless; you'll neither hunt nor fish; I'll be hanged if I don't send you to school!"

A BURGLAR'S ADVICE.—An Indiana burglar, after securing a good amount of silver plate, forwarded a letter of good advice to his victim, in which he said: "Allow me to respectfully suggest that in future you will content yourself with cheap spoons, and spend your surplus cash in the cause of humanity and of Christ."

The Canary Bird and the Mirror.

A pretty incident is related of a canary bird. The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to fly to the mantel whereon was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and curiously in the mirror, and came to the conclusion he had found a mate. Going back to his cage he selected a seed from the box, and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary, he stepped back a few inches from the glass and poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and disheartened he flew back to his perch and hung his head in shame and silence for the rest of the day; and although the door was repeatedly left open he refused to come out again.

☞ Mr. Alexandre Dumas, Jr., was asked by a lady, whom his preface to the celebrated "Dame aux Camellias" had provoked, "Who has given you the right to speak so about women?" "No one has given it to me, madame," replied Dumas *fils;* "I have bought it."

☞ "So use your own as not to injure your neighbors" is a wise maxim of law. The general observance of this rule would prevent many of the controversies and lawsuits which occur.

A FRAGMENT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GENEVA.

To Geneva's crescent lake,
From the glaciers wild and lone,
Leaping down its Alpine bed,
Comes the turbid earth-stained Rhone.

In Geneva's placid lake,
Finding rest from chafing stone,
Crumbling cliff and jagged ledge,
Pure and stainless grows the Rhone.

From Geneva's mountain lake,
Seaward rolls the rapid Rhone—
Bluer waters, purer stream,
Eye of man ne'er looked upon.

How to Catch Rats.

For catching rats in an effectual manner the following is recommended:

Cover a common barrel with stiff brown paper, tying the edge around the barrel; place a board so that the rats may have access to the top; sprinkle cheese parings or other food for the rats on the paper for several days, until they begin to believe they have a right to their daily rations from this source. Then place in the bottom of the barrel a piece of rock about six or seven inches high, filling with water until only enough of it projects above the water for one rat to lodge upon. Now replace the paper, first cutting a cross in the middle, and the first rat that comes on the barrel-top goes into the water and climbs on the rock. The paper comes back to place, and the second rat follows the first. Then begins a fight for the possession of the dry place upon the stone, the noise of which attracts the rest, who share the same fate.

☞ A love-sick swain, in order to more fully understand the mind of his "lady-love," closed a letter with the following lines:—

If you was a dog,
And I was a hog,
A rootin' away in the yard;
If the old man should say,
"Drive that hog away,"
Would you worry or bite very hard?

☞ "Do let me have your photograph," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to her servant, with the question: "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, whenever he calls tell him I am engaged."

AGRICULTURAL.

Farmers' Homes.

BY HATTIE.

I have just read an article on "Farmers' Homes." I can speak from experience of *one* farmer's home that it is a very pleasant one. I think your correspondent would find, if he would take the trouble to examine, that farming *now* is very different from what it was twenty-five years ago. He speaks of "the disgust woman feels with farm labor, and what is worse, its privations of all that make life beautiful," and says, "she never gets more than the bare necessaries of life."

I wish quite as much as "John" does, that I was capable of writing a "good rousing article" on the subject. As a class, farmers' wives and daughters are *not* discontented, nor are we disgusted with farm labor. Very many of us love it; I do for one. I do not wish to spend all my time over my toilet, receiving and making calls, doing a little embroidery, or reading the last fashionable novel. I had much rather be doing something to make other people happy. It is a real pleasure to help make the butter and cheese, and feed the chickens and other poultry. Then we have such a nice home. Not a stately mansion, to be sure, but a pleasant cottage, with a vine running up its side, stew choice plants, and plums, cherries, apples, pie-plants, tomatoes, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, cucumbers, green peas, green corn, and vegetables; all much nicer and fresher than those bought at market. We like, in the spring, to make a sugaring-off, and invite the village children. We love to work among our flowers, which teach us of the loving Father, that has made so many bright and beautiful things for us to enjoy. We have good common schools and academies, and the farmers' children attend them too. We do not spend all our time spinning, taking care of the milk, cleaning, knitting, sewing, &c. If we only plan aright, there are many spare moments each day, that we can get to cultivate the talents God has given us. If we do not have velvet carpets, &c., we have those that do just as well, and plenty of good food and clothing. We have green hills, and bright meadows, shady woodlands, and sparkling brooks, and cool, quiet lakes and ponds. Labor in the pure fresh air, gives health to the body, that city people sometimes envy.

Your correspondent says, "Our farmers think more about the raising of colts, calves, lambs, and pigs, than of their children." I think he is getting rather fast when he says that. True, they like to have their stock look well and sell well. Is there anything *wrong* about that? Is there anything *degrading* in having a pet colt, or lamb. If our friend could look into our homes, some winter evening, and see how nice and cosy we are—father in his easy chair, by the fire; mother knitting, perhaps; the older sisters doing something useful; the younger children enjoying some quiet game, while brother reads some interesting book, or paper, he would get a glimpse of the home-life of many of us. In the country we have good town libraries, besides interesting and instructive books of our own. The children of almost every family of my acquaintance, take a magazine, or child's paper, or both. Three weekly and one daily paper, and two child's papers are taken in our family. Nor are we an exception. In very many country homes, you will find a good piano, cottage organ, or some other cheaper musical instrument. Most of us know how to do some kinds of fancy work. We are not wholly barbarians.

But John will ask, "Then, why do farmers' sons and daughters come to the city, if farming is so pleasant?" Thy do not *all* go to the city. Many of the girls that leave home, do so, because they expect to make larger wages in the factories or stores than at home, not because it is more pleasant, or even easier. Then there are some in every position in life, that are always discontented, and think they can do better under different circumstances. Many of the boys read great things in the papers of making ten, fifteen, and twenty-five dollars a day, as "Clerks, or Agents wanted," "Business very Profitable," &c., so they pack up and start for the city. How few ever come back as free from bad habits, or even as rich as they were when they left home. And do not the few who do acquire the splendid fortunes they longed for, find that with wealth come cares and anxieties which only the rich know?

I guess by this time "John" thinks I am one of "the easy souls," he speaks of, as "having scarcely an idea above boiled pork, and turnips," but let me tell him I know of *one* farmer's girl that is not pleased with such misrepresentations of farm life and of the friends whom she loves; of one who, though she never before wrote anything for publication, could not avoid "speaking right out in meeting" in defence of the wives and daughters of farmers.—*New England Farmer.*

Hay and Grain.

Clover should be cut before the seed balls are ripe, also orchard grass; while timothy is better after the seeds are formed, and should be cut when the latter are between the milk and dough state. In curing all kinds of hay, turn with the hay tedder about 9 A. M., and if the weather is good it may be cured and drawn into the barn the same day; otherwise it is best, especially with clover, to put it in high slender cocks and cover with hay caps. Clover ought to be cured without much exposure to the sun, and it is well to sweat it in the cock. If your mowing grounds are not in condition for the use of mowing, tedding and raking machines, let not another season pass without effecting this great improvement.

Wheat, rye, &c., should be cut when the grain can be pressed between the thumb and finger without forcing out moisture; the yellowness of the chaff and upper parts of the straw also indicates the harvest. If delayed beyond this time, much grain will be lost by shelling. Grass and grain use up their juices in ripening the seed. Hence grass should be cut early to save juices, and grain if cut in the dough state will mature its seed from the juices in the stalk.—*Working Farmer.*

Items.

— In the Monthly Report for April, of the Department of Agriculture, it is said, "It is worthy of careful mention and notice, that in every location where wheat suffered from freezing, those fields that were planted with the drill are comparatively unscathed, while the broadcast sowing is in a miserable condition. It is also found that thorough tillage enables the thrifty and well-rooted plant to endure the action of the frost, while the carelessly sowed wheat is ruined."

— Lima beans often rot in the ground. An almost sure remedy is to grease them.

— Some farmers who have had trouble in getting single men as hired help, are finding out that it pays to build plain, but comfortable cottages, for tenants, and hire married men.

RECEIPTS.

DAMSON JELLY.—Put any number of fine ripe damsons into a stone jar, and one-third the quantity of bullaces into another, and either bake them in a slow oven, or boil them in a pan of water, till the juice is extracted. Pour off the juice clear from the fruit, strain and weigh it; boil it quickly without sugar for twenty-five minutes, draw it from the fire, stir into it ten ounces of good sugar for each pound of juice, and boil it quickly for six to ten minutes longer, carefully clearing off all the scum. The jelly must be often stirred before the sugar is added, and constantly afterwards.

TO PRESERVE APRICOTS.—Choose fine apricots, pare them thinly and cleanly, and when done, take their weight, cut them in halves and remove the kernel, lay them with the inside upwards, take the same weight of pounded loaf-sugar and strew over them; break the stones of the apricots and blanch the kernels; let the fruit lie in the sugar for twelve hours, then put fruit, sugar, juice, and kernels into a preserving-pan, simmer gently until clear; as the scum rises, remove it; remove the halves of the apricots; as they become cold, lay them in jars, and when the whole of the fruit has been potted, pour equally over them the syrup and the kernels. Cover the fruit with brandy paper, and tie tightly down.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 79 letters.
My 76, 66, 13, 6, 27, 72, 18, is one of the United States.
My 70, 77, 73, 15, 46, is a river in France.
My 54, 1, 58, 14, is a river in Spain.
My 16, 75, 53, 16, 40, is a river in Hindoostan.
My 48, 43, 71, 78, 56, 35, 55, is the capital of one of the German States.
My 9, 77, 44, 39, 61, 33, 30, is a lake in China.
My 20, 33, 47, 20, 67, 28, is a preposition.
My 21, 22, 70, 59, is an interjection.
My 45, 40, 19, is an article of dress.
My 18, 3, 41, 11, 37, is a lake in Austria.
My 38, 52, 57, 13, is a lake in Lombardy.
My 12, 5, 23, 64, 62, is a capital in Asia.
My 60, 30, 24, 76, is a river in Wales.
My 8, 68, 60, 40, is a river in Scotland.
My 42, 51, 36, 63, is elevated.
My 24, 7, 28, is a metal.
My 65, 27, 74, 25, 11, 6, is a relation.
My 21, 69, 29, is a kind of wood.
My 31, 40, 4, 17, 35, is a farm instrument.
My 10, 32, 33, is a Hebrew measure.
My whole is a proverb.

T. S. CUMMINGS.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 14, 2, 26, 5, 24, was a Persian poet.
My 21, 10, 23, 16, 20, 29, was a German composer.
My 25, 7, 29, 12, 17, was an infamous pretender.
My 8, 7, 28, 4, 11, 22, 10, 3, is an English animal and historical painter.
My 18, 14, 30, 8, 5, 13, 16, 27, was a heroic British queen.
My 9, 16, 20, 6, 2, 1, was a battle which occurred between the Huguenots and Catholics in 1569.
My 3, 30, 15, 14, 28, 22, 20, was a German novelist.
My 9, 27, 21, 12, 17, was an English novelist.
My whole is the name of one of the greatest linguists the world has ever known.

Fallston, Md. "NUTMEG."

Riddle.

I have no head, and a tail I lack,
But oft have arms and legs and back.
I inhabit the palace, the tavern, the cot;
'Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.
If a monarch were present (I tell you no fable,)
I still should be placed at the head of the table.

Problem.

A man sold 17 hogs for $153; for the largest size he received $19, for the middle size $7, for the small size $6. Required—the number he sold of each size.

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

West Milton, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

There are two church bells, the loudness of one is three times that of the other. Supposing the strength of sound to be inversely as the square of the distance, at what point between the two will the bells be equally well heard?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between killed soldiers and repaired garments? Ans.—The first are *dead men*, the second *men-ded*.

☞ Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Ans.—Because it has to be ground before it is used.

☞ Which is the most popular side for the next three months? Ans.—The sea-side.

Answer to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"The good die first; but they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust, burn to the socket."

HOW TO COOK CUCUMBERS.—An exchange paper gives the following recipe to cook cucumbers. It may be easily tested:

"Pare off the rind, then cut the cucumbers into slices, lengthwise, dust either side of those slices, with corn meal or wheat flour, pepper and salt them to please your taste; this done, fry them brown, and you will have one of the most delicious dishes that you can imagine, combining in their flavor those of the oyster plant and egg plant. Of their healthfulness, thus cooked, there can be no question, and of their palatableness, it is only necessary that you try them, to say with us, that they are exquisite."

THE FILLET OF VEAL ROASTED is a good and serviceable joint. One weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds is the best. Have a largish knuckle sawn off, and the middle bone taken out; this will make a good place in which to put some *stuffing*. The flap and the udder must then be folded round, and fastened with skewers. If the hole in the centre does not hold quite so much stuffing as you wish, a little more can be placed between the flap and the fillet. Before putting it down to roast, tie some well-buttered writing-paper over the top and bottom. Place the joint rather near to the fire for a few minutes, and when it is warm rub it well over with butter. Then place it at such distance from the fire that it may roast slowly, and get a nice yellow-brown color. A fillet of the weight we have named will require nearly three hours' roasting. A few minutes before serving up take off the string and paper, and baste well with *thin* melted butter, with, if approved, two tablespoonsful of mushroom ketchup. Lay it on the dish with the side uppermost most convenient for cutting, and pour over plenty of thin melted butter. It is usual to have a ham, a piece of bacon, or an ox-tongue, at the opposite end of the table, as an accompaniment.

THE LOIN OF VEAL is best with the chump taken off. It should be selected with plenty of fat and a full kidney. Skewer the flap well over, and cover with buttered paper. A loin weighing about twelve pounds will require about two hours and a half roasting. Attend to the directions given about roasting the fillet, and serve up with melted butter poured over.

☞ A well-known French actress, more celebrated for her inconstancy in love than for anything else, used to say that her perfidy was merely owing to her ill-luck. "I never get attached to any one but that I am introduced to some one that I immediately like better!"